
THE
ST. JOSEPH'S
COLLEGIAN

Senior Number
1933



ex Libris

The
St. Joseph's Collegian
1933



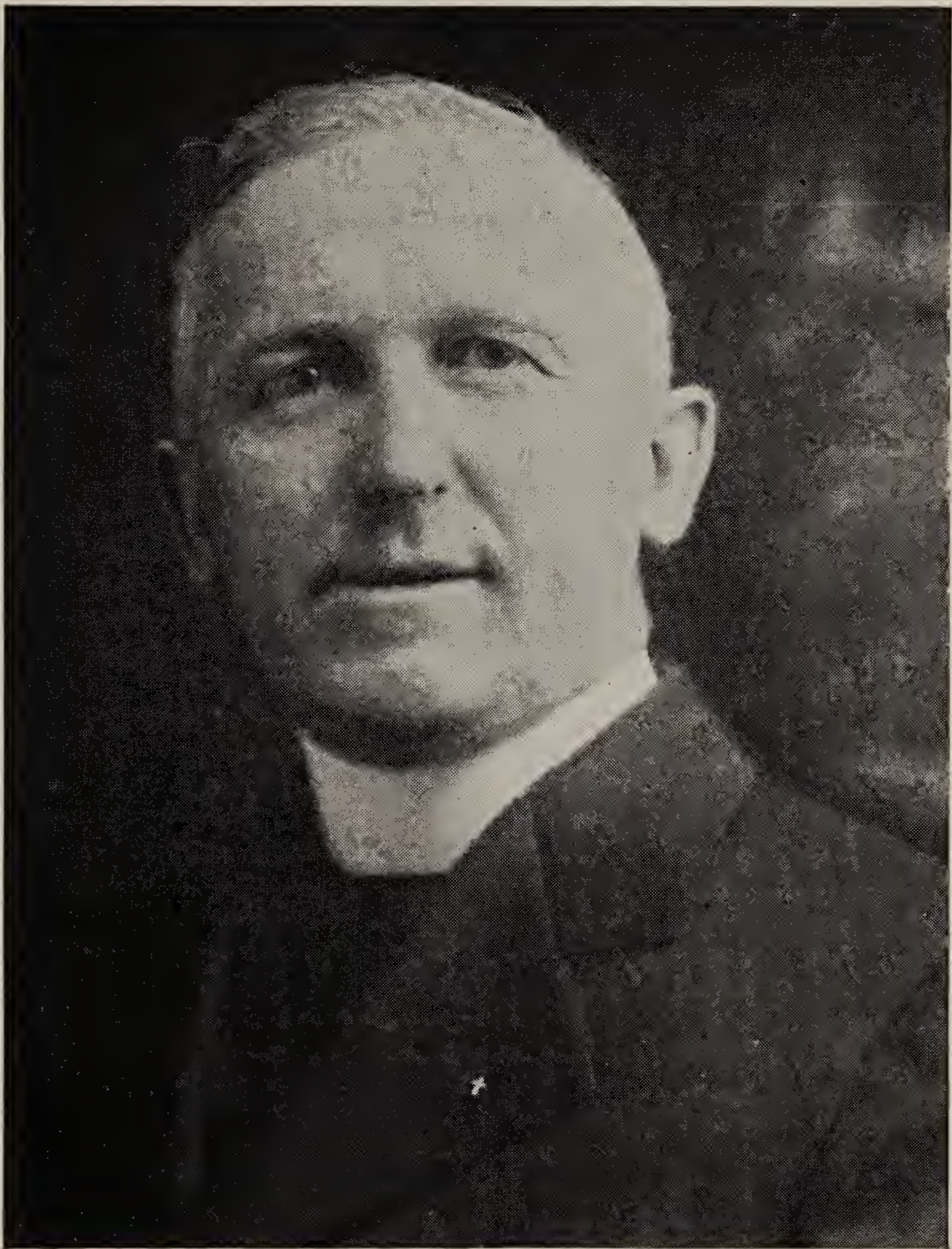
Published by the Senior Class of St. Joseph's College
Collegeville, Indiana



Dedication

THE CLASS OF 1933

*dedicates this, the Eighth Issue,
of The St. Joseph's Collegian to the
Rev. Bernard Condon, C.P.P.S., M.A.,
who, during several years of their
course, has been their esteemed pro-
fessor in the departments of English
and Latin. In appreciation of the
instructions which they received
from him, and especially as a mark
of their gratitude for his kindness
and guidance, they, therefore, with
sincerest appreciation, dedicate the
Senior Number of
THE COLLEGIAN
to him.*



Rev. Bernard J. Condon, C. PP. S., M. A.

Foreword

THE purpose which the Collegian Staff has in view in presenting this number is to record in pictures as well as in specially written notices such features as are of interest to the students of St. Joseph's College. [Furthermore, it is intended to furnish the graduates of Nineteen-Thirty-Three a pleasing memorial of their college days.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

Volume XXI

May 24, 1933

Number Eight



Charter Member



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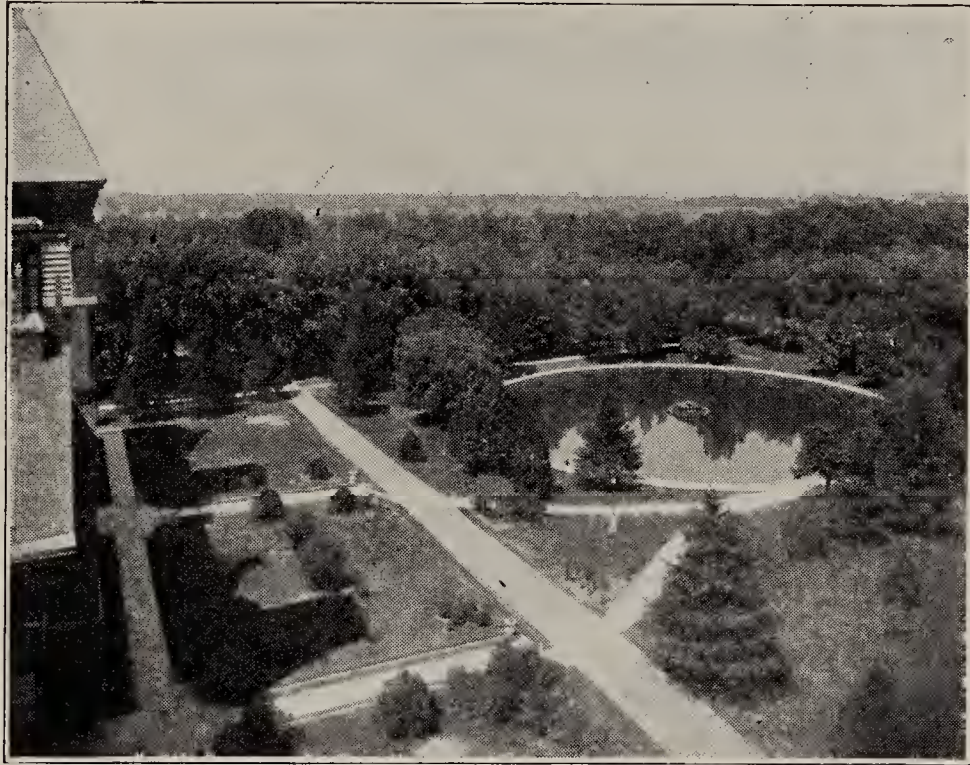
Literature

Clubs

Sports

Review

Fibbles



Campus Views

*When time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.*



ENTRANCE



MAIN BUILDING



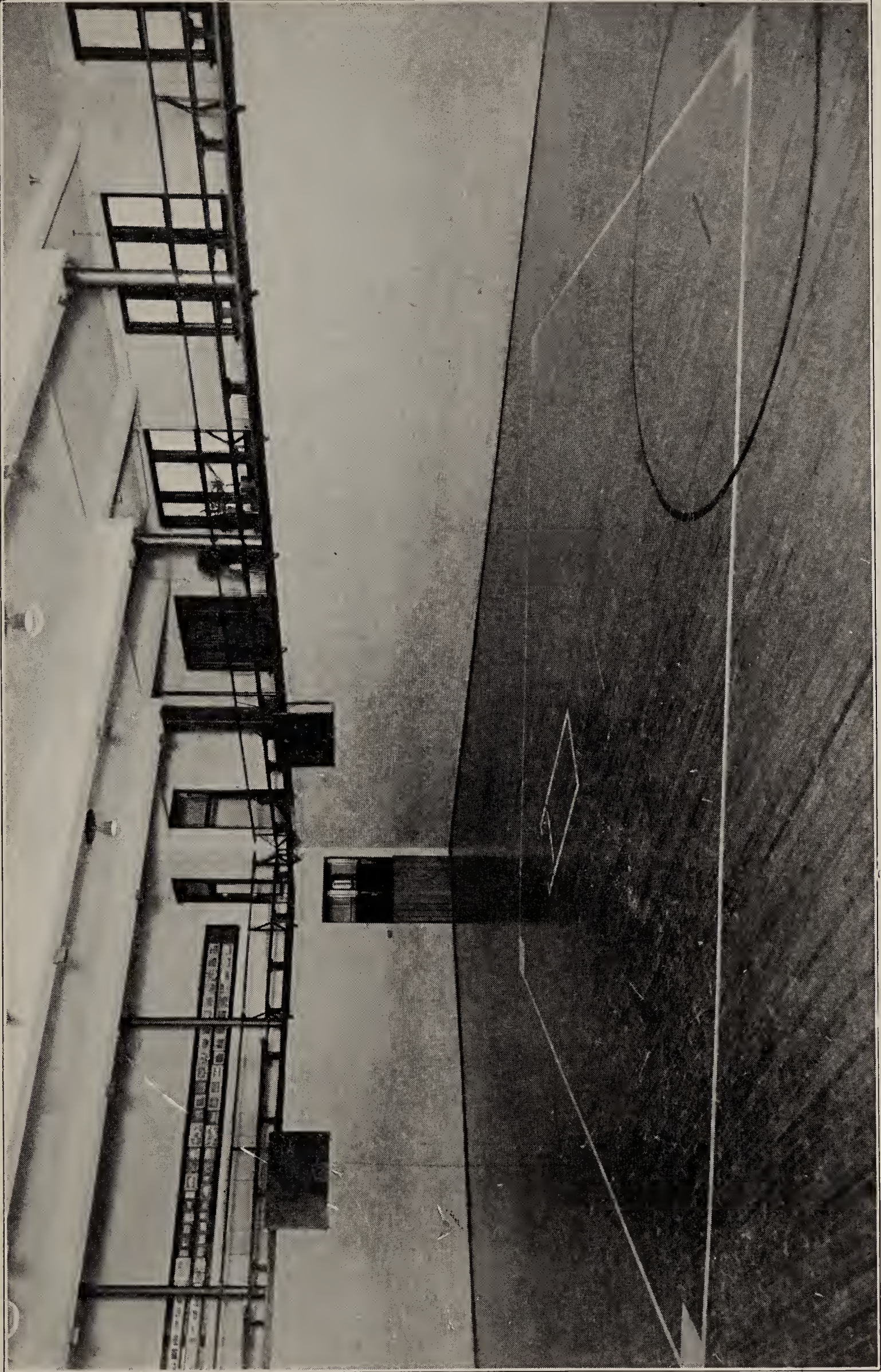
CHAPEL



INSIDE OF CHAPEL



GYM



BASKET BALL FLOOR



VIEWS



Classes

CLASSES

LEONARD H. FULLENKAMP
President

"I am part of all that I have met"—six foot four and every inch a man—the life of the crowd—with men a man, with kids a kid—a friend to all and the best of them—orator, dramatist, and gentleman—tell the world he is our class president, and that speaks a volume.

RAYMOND E. LEONARD
Secretary

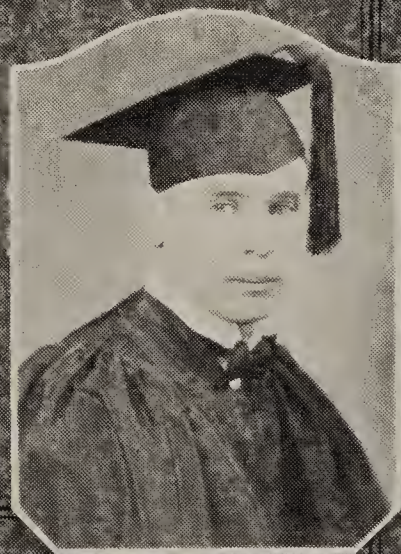
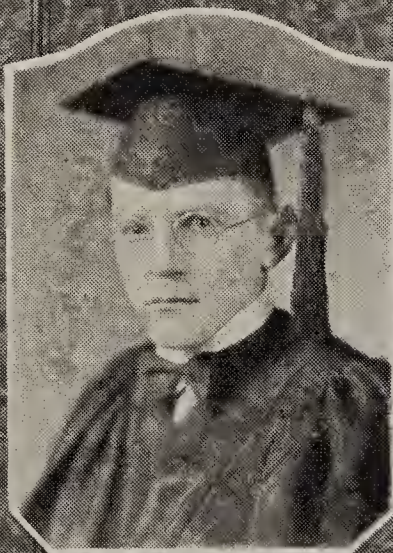
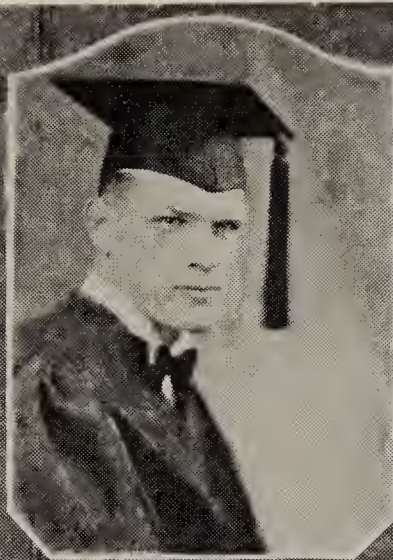
"All men have their price"—like a winding road he loves now and then to furnish little surprises—a fast eye for tennis, a keen eye for billiards—his mind runs in the vein of mathematics, advertisements and dollars—courageous in expressing his own opinions and defending them—a good leader and pusher for he is our secretary.

HENRY S. BALSTER

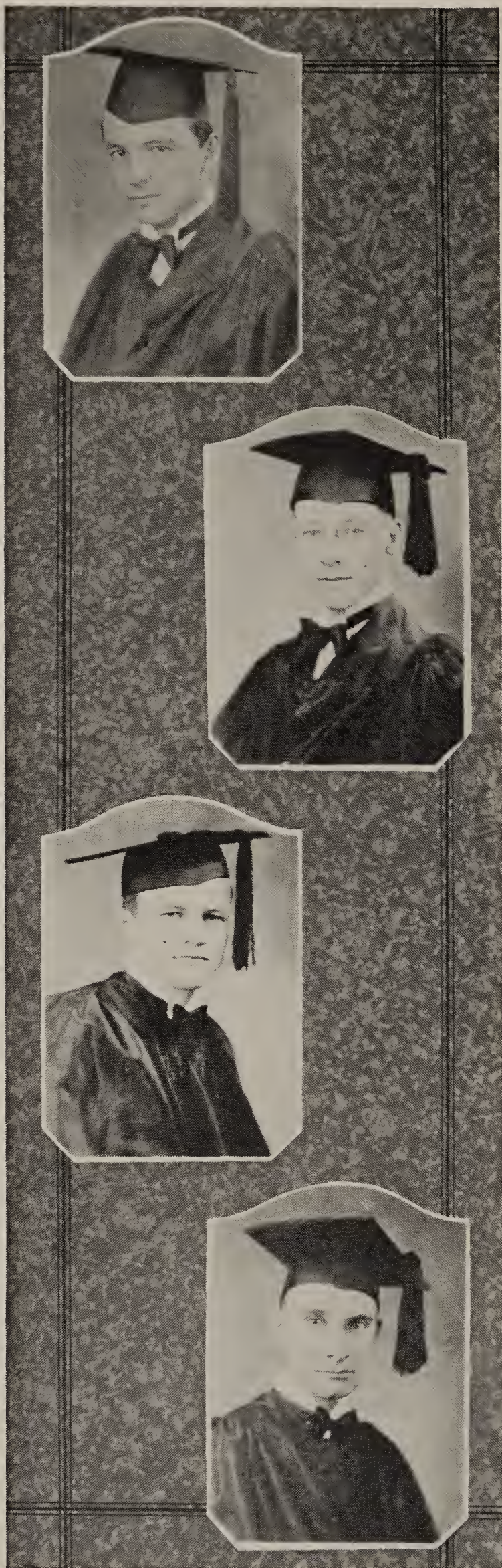
"Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust"—very simple are his tastes,—a friend to all, a pal to none—infinite patience and kindness—bury me among my flowers, my lilies and pansies.

VICTOR C. BOARMAN

"Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself"—credulity is his only sin—like tomb robbers they carry the massive sleeping body, then crash, a hasty retreat, oblivion—"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms"—his tastes unsophisticated—"Shut up in measureless content."



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RICHARD J. CONNELLY

"Life is what you make it"—a handy man at cards—his philosophy of life betokens experience—drowsy as a day in June with its mellow merriment—a man who believes in letting the dead languages rest in peace.

ROBERT J. DERY

"Direct the clasping ivy where to climb"—no, I don't think that's quite logical—convulses over his own jokes—scotch in giving the world its due—a student if ever—swift of thought but slow in practice—scrupulous duty is his rule of life.

THOMAS J. DANEHY

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind"—"An affable and courteous gentleman"—a great athlete and no less a sportsman—a scholar too—exiled from his abode—he spends his leisure hours and shapes his dreams perusing the lives of Ireland's great men.

LEO W. FRYE

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest of men"—a great elocutionist in the realms of emotions—you know they call me "Spider"—a superior bridge player, I recall—there is mighty power in his tongue.

CLASSES

BERNARD J. GLICK

"The mind's the standard of the man"—not swayed by every breeze that passes—a hard working and sincere scholar—yet the mighty relentless—quick in argument and slow to yield—"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

THOMAS O. HEILMAN

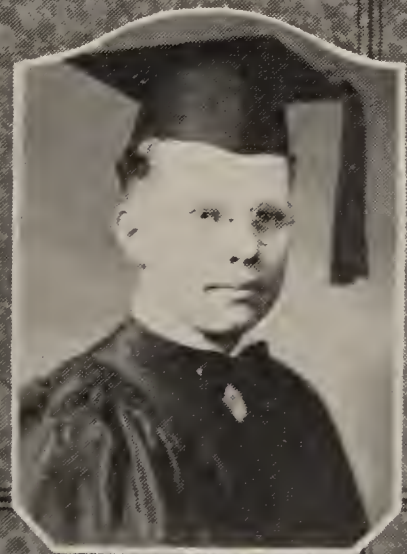
"Then he will talk; good gods, how he will talk"—spring is always in his feet—he walks like a turtle swims—I never bet on a losing team—where to? Off to Paris, sir—what a dancing Adam's apple—"To know him is to love him, for no one else is like unto him."

HENRY W. HESS

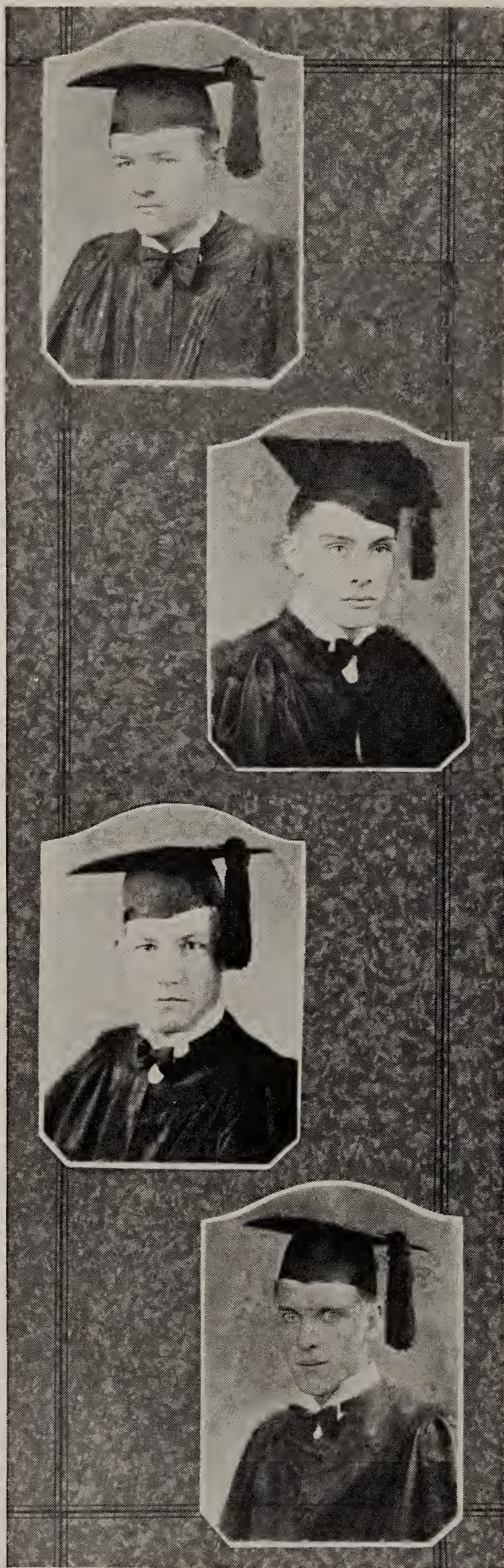
Pleasure is subservient to his reason—innocent of things truly great—"He briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time"—"lashed into Latin by the tingling rod"—and yet a man—with all his faults we love him still.

JOSEPH C. HOYING

To know him is to know that he is humorous—right willing to believe and spread the rumors of the day—quite frenzied over authors—up with the rising sun to blear his eyes with a book—put me down as one who loves the company of his fellow mortals.



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KENNETH A. HURLOW

"Reading maketh a full man"—a good writer is reason's handy man—exemplary class spirit is his who breaks a leg to win a game—"I have more zeal than wit"—I know the rules of courtesy, though I can be pestering—a righteous man, yet not an angel's protege.

HERBERT P. KENNEY

"Hey, fellows, I don't look like an Egyptian mummy, do I?"—"Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod"—he is indeed happy who carries his music with him—the man with a lot of "swell" ideas—"don't blame me, for I tell you, all great men are misunderstood."

SYLVESTER H. KLEMAN

"Fair words gladden so many a heart"—a man at work, a boy at play—what pleasant times when New Year's Eve came in with a bang—"studious of ease and fond of humble things"—if you would know me come along with me on my vacation, when all roads lead to Columbus Grove.

FREDERICK L. KOCH

"A man of polite learning and liberal education"—sweet modern gags on a saxophone—musician, actor and scholar—what is more pleasant than an hour in bed at early dawn—he was guided unto a safe place—the greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLASSES

HAROLD W. KUHNS

Swelling notes, pathetic chords, sweet harmony; that's Barney's "Indian Love Call"—"Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies"—well, I think I'll pitch for the team this year—no sir, my mama told me that I shouldn't inhale—he has a joke or story for every occasion.

LEO J. KULZER

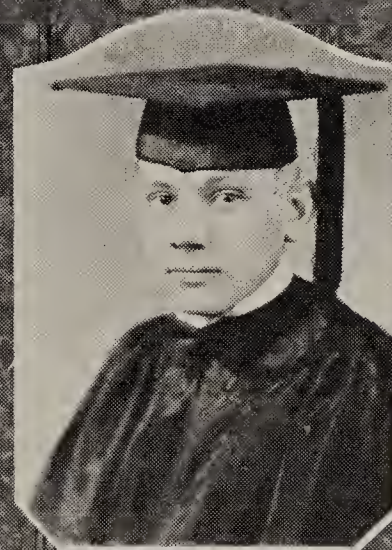
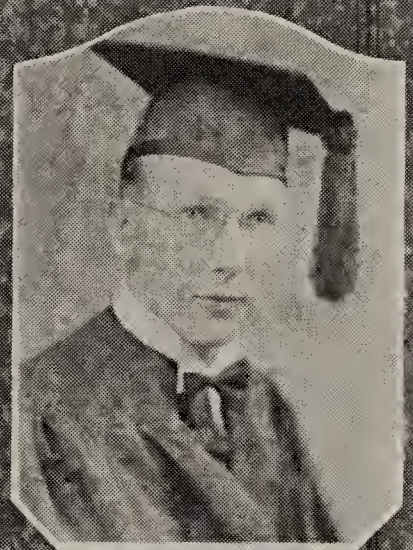
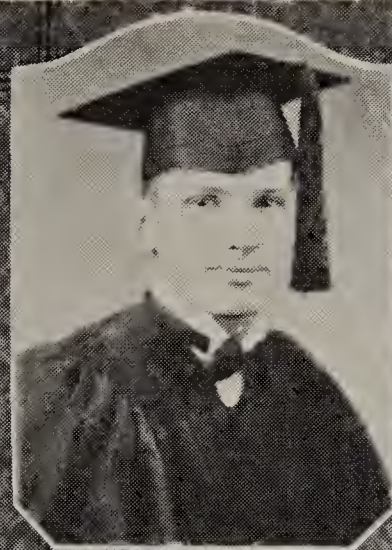
A side line philosopher—rather quiet, a studious scholar, but yet a friend—"I will go wash; and when my face is fair, you shall perceive whether I blush or no"—I carry with me a dictionary of nicknames—we'll all agree there's manhood in him.

NICHOLAS J. LAUBER

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world"—happy-go-lucky optimist—dead or alive, I'm going to Hawaii some day if I have to walk—not rye bread, but jellyfish are my goal—he wields a philosopher's wit, a comedian's tongue—"Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your EARS."

JOSEPH A. LENK

"They fool me to the top of my bend"—well, gentlemen, that's my opinion—just merely pleasingly plump you know—he has his convictions and he lives them—an optimist of the first rank with an unquenchable source of new and novel ideas.



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JOSEPH J. LEON

Tweddle-dum tweddle-de—tut, tut—when “Smoky” goes afishing—why should a man have a perfect alibi for everything—if I wasn’t Punch I’d sure like to be Judy—pardon me all to the dickens brother, but that’s just what I’ve been saying for the last half hour—“Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.”



STANISLAUS H. MANOSKI

“Conspicuous by his absence”—if talk were music, what a band were he—“Many people succeed in all those things to which they put their hand”—yes, that’s my nose and it has no predecessor, for “I’m my own ancestor”—a man with great capacity for work—a right jolly good fellow.



NORBERT J. MISSLER

Here I’ve been working over-time again—“not body enough to cover his mind decently with”—a small man but large wit—the “Mice” play while the cat sleeps—plague upon those that know me, yet know me not.



EDWARD A. MOORMAN

The ancient classics have never made him their slave—even with con-tortions he draws forth lovely notes from a cornet—the man who can sing four voices at one time—yet for a’ of that he is an upright man.

CLASSES

JOSEPH D. O'LEARY

"The grass stoops not, he treads on it so light"—Better late than not at all—no man will build a statue to my memory—"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul"—the lion's not as fierce as he looks—"an honest man's the noblest work of God."

JAMES G. PIKE

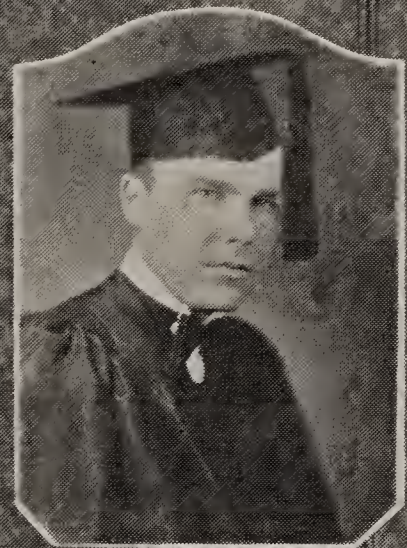
"I'm in favor of it, but—tell me—oh, yes, I was born and lived on a farm as a boy all my life—it's none of your business, boys, he's just a friend—a good writer—"little Latin and less Greek"—but he's a man for a' that—and what he greatly thought he nobly dared.

URBAN A. REICHLIN

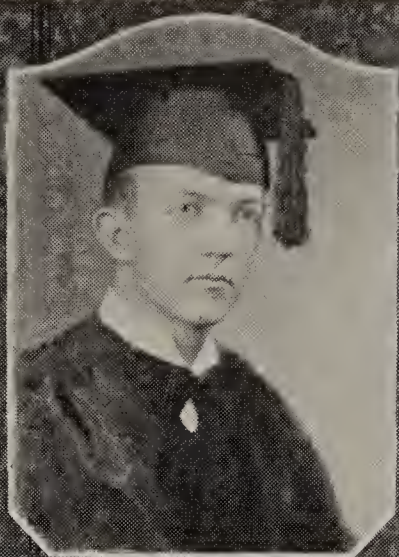
"I cannot rest for travel, I will drink life to the lees"—a poet and student—now and then he is fond of jest—self-willed but considerate of his fellow-student—traveling has become part of his education—well it wasn't the first time I teased Crisco.

VIRGIL J. RIEDLINGER

"A self-made man? Yes—and worships his creator."—A man in form and action, but a child in truth and simplicity—slow of belief, and slower of disbelief—unaffected by the tides of popular opinion—"a few strong instincts and a few plain rules."



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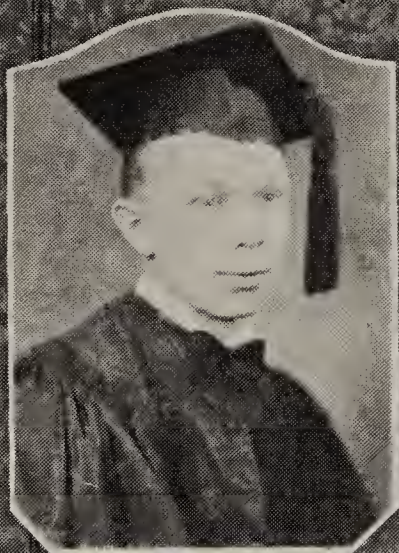
LEON A. RITTER

"Say, where's that manager at?"—a pleasing countenance often betokens a gentle heart—he has cut the Gordian knot in Greek—"thou seest how diligent I am"—O, would the stage today were filled with fair Portias, and sweet Ophelias.



CHARLES J. ROBBINS

"As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities"—the little man with the lashing tongue—"his bark is worse than his bite"—I'd rather study a week than work a day—hindered much by a tinge of inferiority complex—but by the gods the world stays off his toes when he wills it.



ALOYS G. SELHORST

"I have a heart with room for every joy"—I rule them with an iron hand, and still they laugh—ah, you're too dumb to catch on—a willing helper, a cheerful friend—shimmy dance nothing, I'm just winding up to pitch.



WILLIAM S. STAUDT

"I would be friends with you and have your love"—paint me as one who knows his bassoon—I have a perfect right to get mad now and then—he has a great wide open heart for children—"the first thing we do, let's kill all chemists."

CLASSES

WALTER F. STEIGER

O ye shades of Methusala—false teeth, gray hair and otherwise—ah, nuts, George, you chose not us, but we squirrels choose you—the spirit of the Raleigh Club—a leech when once his mind is set—a genius in his way.

LEONARD J. SUDHOFF

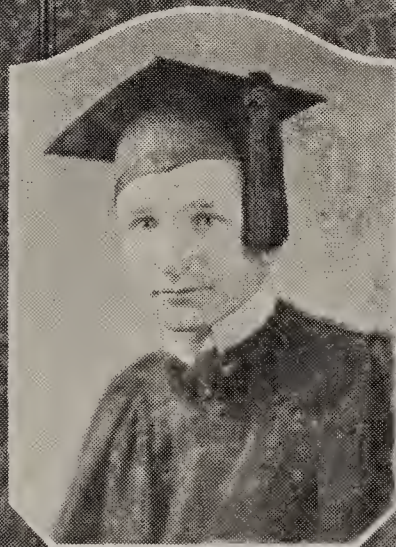
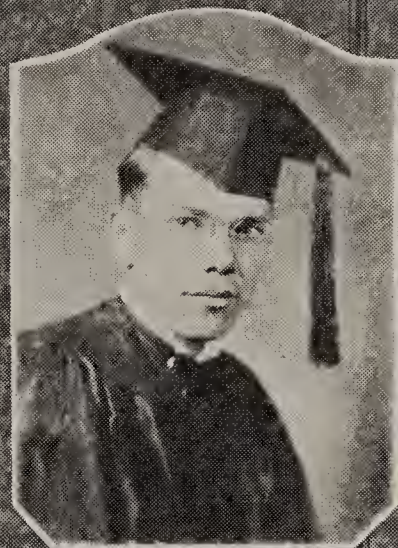
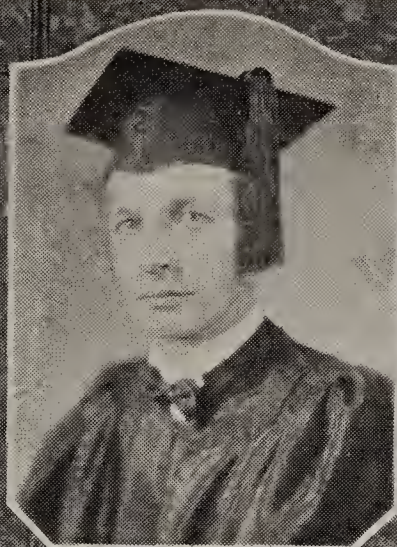
“To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history”—he is diligent to a marked degree—snake’s hips and oscillating shoulders—occasionally accused of something that he didn’t do.

MICHAEL J. VICHURAS

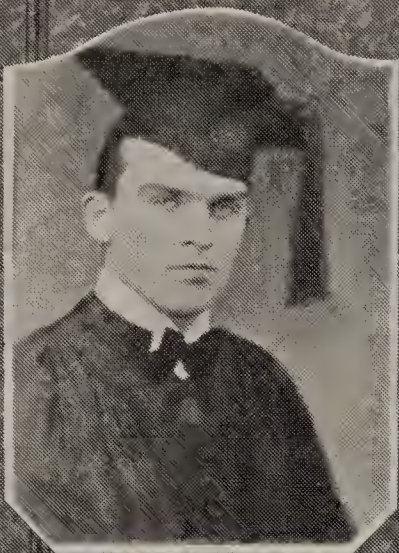
“Never idle a moment but thrifty and thoughtful of others”—right handy when there is work to be done—say, just when do you intend to hand in this column—music, literature, and sports interest him to a marked degree—a versatile man beyond a doubt.

WILLIAM J. VOORS

“Talk to him of Jacob’s ladder, and he would ask the number of steps”—I know, Father, but what do you think is wrong with me—determination marks his every act—no thanks, I’d rather walk—strange that a man could be so serious in this flippant age.



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URBAN J. WURM

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well"—love is love, but a good cigar is a smoke—they tell us he has a right pleasing pen, and a melodious voice—among men a good companion—"My heart is ever at your service."



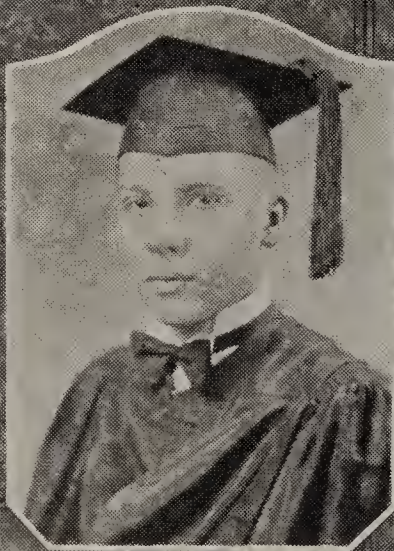
LOUIS J. ZENZ

What poetic fancy his who calls a spade a spade—slow in thought but determined—a smiling countenance is the index of his soul—he loves his solitaire—he would rather say he doesn't know than that he thinks so—"sir, I would rather be right than be president."



JOSEPH C. ZIMERLE

"Honor lies in honest toil"—we wonder does he dream when he sleeps too — atoms and molecules, that's me—he has and enjoys his own peculiar humor—a willing helper, and a typist extraordinary—hearty roles become his ability.



JOHN A. ZINK

"How abhorred in my imagination it is"—the doubting Thomas has a why for everything that's done—his valuable things he does not put in the show window—"what sweet delight a quiet life affords"—"far from gay cities and the ways of men"—"and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Class History

THE year 1927 witnessed two events long to be remembered. The first was Charles A. Lindbergh's achievement of flying from New York to Paris; the other, the class of '33 entered the portals of St. Joseph's College. Looking back, one is tempted to wonder whether by coincidence or design thirty-three bright looking lads manfully shouldered the job of being good Freshies. Time proved that their undertaking was successful. Very soon they gathered in a class meeting at which Donald Besanceney was elected president with able assistants in Bart Stricker as vice-president and Michael Vichuras as secretary-treasurer.



Again it was September and the lucky number of thirty-three still held sway. It was not long after that the assembled class placed the gavel in the hands of Frederick Krieter. His assistants were Kenneth Hurlow and Leon Ritter as vice-president and secretary respectively. The Sophomore class banquet at the Makeever Hotel on Decoration Day turned out to be a suc-



cess. No little part of this was due to Joseph Kemp's wit as toast master and Leon Ritter's reading of the class history.

In the national pastime of baseball, the class team has always showed a remarkable propensity for throwing a "monkey wrench" into the smoothly running machine of the "dopester." The varsity baseball team, which met the Alumni during several of the past years was frequently bolstered up by men of '33.

The sand glass was nearing the half way mark when forty-eight Juniors met for the purpose of electing officers. Frederick Follmar was



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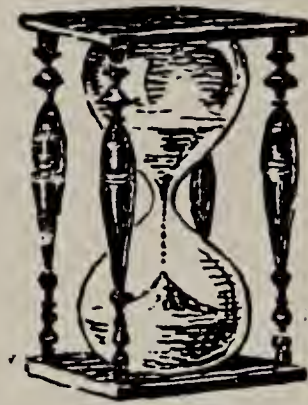
chosen as president. The assembly then decided that his aids should be Joseph Lenk and Walter Steiger. From Burkettsville arrived sixteen newcomers who swelled the ranks of the Juniors. This ambitious set on Mother's Day inaugurated the pleasing custom of wearing carnations about the college as a tribute to God's greatest gift to man—Mother.

In their first Senior competition on the basketball floor, the class team of '33 scored two remarkable upsets. And so on through the



years this team has ever been a "dark horse" frequently turning the tables on favored teams. The dominion of the high school over the college was due not a little to the efforts of men from the class of '33. Not to boast, but it may be honestly mentioned that the class is proud in having the captain of the varsity basketball team as one of their members.

In the Fourth Year the class voted the presidency into the hands



of James Schalemann. Victor Boarman was installed as collector of internal revenues. This year marked the entrance of the class into the field of expression. As Newmans they staged two very novel and successful plays: "His Father's Son," and "Gus Enfield: Town Property." To be sure, the class had its annual "wiennie roast" as a result of the customary motion of Michael Vichuras.

By all odds the best year experienced by the class of '33 in football was in their Fourth Year. Under Follmar's management, but more especially due to the capable and un-



CLASSES

tiring coaching of Frank Kienly, the team nearly won the pennant. Throughout their football activities the class has earned the title of being clean players, good sports, and hard fighters. Qualities such as these go farther towards making the road smoother, than the pride of an ever victorious team.

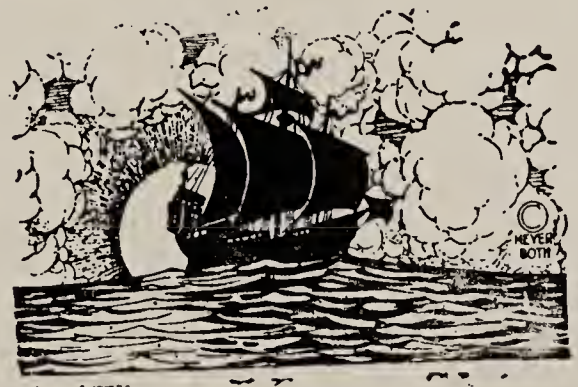
And now the Sixth and last year. Eight out of the original band are left, but additions have swelled the number to forty. Yes, there are



forty going out into the world secure in the knowledge that they have been well trained. In this year the class as C. L. S. members have successfully given several plays the last of which was "Grumpy." To this class of '33 likewise belongs the credit of issuing the first Senior Number of the COLLEGIAN which is a summary of student activities throughout the year, and most likely the foundation for future aims in this respect.



And so we of '33 say farewell. Farewell to happy days, farewell to scenes of some of the happiest moments we have ever experienced. At St. Joseph's we worked, prayed, and played. Here we have acquired a thirst for knowledge that can never be quenched. And so forty loyal friends full of joy, yet with an ache in their hearts, set sail slowly into the dawn of another day, a dawn of more opportunities, a dawn of clear bright hope with forty throats resounding "FINIMUS COEPTURI."

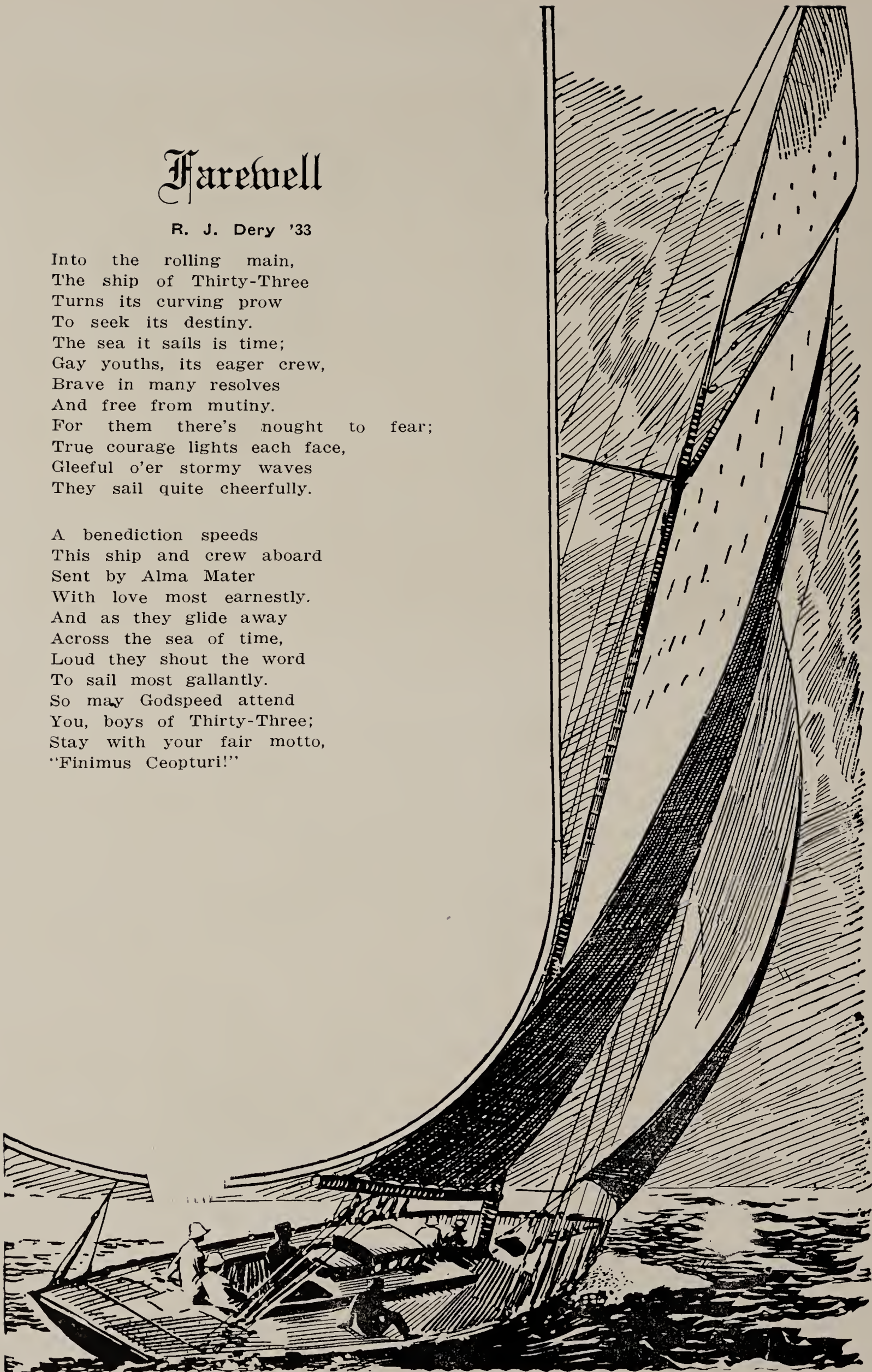


Farewell

R. J. Dery '33

Into the rolling main,
The ship of Thirty-Three
Turns its curving prow
To seek its destiny.
The sea it sails is time;
Gay youths, its eager crew,
Brave in many resolves
And free from mutiny.
For them there's nought to fear;
True courage lights each face,
Gleeful o'er stormy waves
They sail quite cheerfully.

A benediction speeds
This ship and crew aboard
Sent by Alma Mater
With love most earnestly.
And as they glide away
Across the sea of time,
Loud they shout the word
To sail most gallantly.
So may Godspeed attend
You, boys of Thirty-Three;
Stay with your fair motto,
"Finimus Cepturi!"



CLASSES



The Fifth Class

Collegiate Style

“DOING things in a big way” appears to be the aim of these “CI” College students. For them matters pertaining to class organization have long ago turned into an affair of routine. They have become thoroughly acquainted with one another through a long period of companionship; hence the election of class officers could present no difficulties. They felt that Mr. Clarence Rastetter should be their class president, and they know that no mistake was made in choosing him for this position. Under his direction, whatever the class sought to accomplish met with the best results. It is a noteworthy characteristic of the class to be gentlemanly scholars and to consider no task insurmountable.

Art as expressed in music is evidently their chief hobby. Within their own ranks they have a young “Maestro,” Wm. McKune, under whose baton they have often succeeded in weaving together in brilliant fashion both classical and modern rhythmic selections. They are prominent, moreover, in the college orchestra and band. Yet, it is not only music that has taken their fancy; in dramatic work, they have starred with equal success. To this fact, “Jolly Roger” and “In the Next Room” bear ample witness.

In athletic encounters it soon became plain to every one that the sound minds of this class were supported by sound bodies.



The Fourth Class

Confidence in Plenty

YES, an honor to the title they bear, such are these academic Seniors. That they may look forward confidently to ever increasing success in their scholastic labors is borne out by their past achievements in class work and athletic bouts. As an indication of their intelligence, their choice of class officers may be cited. No pains have been spared to discover and choose the most suitable in their number. There is no need to give the name of their class president; his looks will readily betray his position.

Much excellent promise for the future is the characteristic of these Seniors as may be gleaned from their activities in their well-conducted Newman Club. Splendid stage

performances in plays and programs are not exceptional but usual with them. If willingness, together with ability, for public exhibitions is sought, one may confidently search among the members of this class with the secure hope that the required material will be discovered.

Class spirit is not at a discount among them. The football field, the gymnasium floor, and the baseball diamond give ample proof that they know how to hold their own and how to hold together. Nothing short of the same ability have they shown in the classroom where they have given thorough proof that they are now, and will be in the future, an enviable credit to the school which they represent.

CLASSES



The Third Class

Earnest and Hopeful

LOOK up the honor roll—is the answer to any question of doubt concerning the ability of these academic Juniors to manage the class work that is assigned to them. They have weathered the early years of their school life with marked success, and it may be said of them with great emphasis that they regard school duties as a sweet yoke and a light burden.

Of course the Juniors have their class officers. By the help of the cameraman's art, their "small but mighty" president, Mr. Gerald Meyer, is readily distinguishable. But not only he; the other officers likewise have found favor with their classmates. The spirit and vigor of the officers run through all the ranks under their control with the

result that progress is manifest in all the undertakings of these Third-Year lads.

In the way of cultural activities, the class displays much energy. If the "punch" they put into their studies remains with them and there are sufficient indications that it will remain, theirs will be the credit of many an exciting intellectual and physical contest in future years at St. Joseph's. In social activities, there can be no question but that they will star with huge success. With no particular glory on their side at present, they have, nevertheless, demonstrated that, like in the classroom, so on the campus, they "will do or die" in order to score a victory.



The Second Class

Youthful and Energetic

WITH voices a trifle shrill, as yet pitched in the soprano key, this untiring group of beginners in the process of learning do not fail to make themselves heard both in the classrooms and on the campus. In the studyhall they appear studious, and of course are so for the major part of the time, but they are still young enough to fall victims to distractions. The basketball floor and the campus have great allurements for them, and any observer will always find them enthusiastic in games or ready to do something by way of strenuous exercise.

In spite of their youthful appearance at present, a few on-coming years at St. Joseph's will transform these aspirants to knowledge

and culture into students as able and as learned as any who seek to be graduated throughout the country. Even at this early date they have an eye on their prospective class leaders. Ability to handle such problems as arise among them is sufficiently in evidence; nothing more being required than an occasional stroll in the neighboring groves accompanied by a bit of informal argument, to bring any questions that trouble their minds to a swift and proper solution. If only they will hold to their resolution to drink deep at the fountain of moral and intellectual training offered them by their Alma Mater, they will soon be known as wise and worthy seniors.



Literature

Refrain of Immortal Truth

First Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

Alfred Horrigan '34

THAT one undergoes novel and stirring experiences in the study of literature will be admitted by practically any interested scholar. Of these experiences—or, perhaps, sensations—one has re-occurred most persistently in my own personal sphere. It is that vague, haunting awareness of a certain similarity or convergence of ideals, which unobtrusively drifts into one's consciousness while reading poetry. Such a very intangible, delicate sensation it is that analysis is somehow distasteful; many exquisite things are spoiled by too searching an investigation of cause and effect. Yet the irrepressible desire to dissect, to explain, to classify impatiently thrusts aside more aesthetic appreciation, and one suddenly finds oneself in the midst of an attempted explanation.

The desecration, however, assumes a less regrettable aspect as one proceeds. For, rather surprisingly, there at last evolve certain substantial facts that may be handled sufficiently for examination. The shadowy maze of the poets' personalities and environments having been partly cleared away, one gradually begins to realize, with an undeniable sense of awe, that the thought provoking similarity is a result of the fact that every great and true poet no matter at what altar he may

kneel, works toward the ideal of Catholic truth. The deeper into the unfathomable mystery of being poets have delved, the closer they have come to "the only satisfactory, the only stable, the only sensible system of thought in the world, Catholicism." Now can be explained the throbbing, mystic chords that have been sounded in the very depths of one's being. The spirit of those lines that have stirred one with such wild, sweet yearnings is the pulsating refrain of Catholicism, for what indeed is all great Christian poetry but the flowering of Catholic truth?

That the thrilling overtone of their religion should ring unceasingly through the works of all professed Catholic poets is no cause for wonder. But more provocative of thought is the realization that the productions of poets upon poets who have no outward connection with the Church, embody a definite, unmistakable element of Catholicism. Only after some time does the full significance dawn in its entirety that it is from the altar of the truths which the Catholic Church enshrines that the spiritual torch of poetry has gone forth and has been handed down through the centuries from Chaucer to the present day. To these truths does all constructively correct thought owe

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its origin, but more especially that most common vehicle of truth and beauty, poetic thought.

The writings of the great nature poet, Wordsworth, offer features of particular interest in the consideration of this proposition. Though without any definite religion, he was essentially and inevitably religious. Yet, always he seemed destined to seek rather than to find. He was tragically denied the haven of Catholicism, still he taught Catholic truths. That he was guided by the sane and lofty tenets of the true Church is indisputable. When rudely awakened to the fact that his first love, the Goddess of Modern Republicanism, had feet of clay, he buried himself in nature and sought there for that God, the yearning for whom forms a considerable portion of his poetic themes. As he sings, "And I have felt the presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought," and again, "The immortal spirit grows like harmony in music," the almost feverish workings of a supersensitive soul toward the very soundness of Catholic philosophy are discernible. That as he stumbled along without guidance he tottered on the verge of pantheism is more natural than otherwise; that with difficulty he checked his seething emotions just short of the border line of hysteria is not surprising. Yet the darkness of this picture is routed by the sublimity of those moments, at one of which he flung himself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, exclaiming from the depths

of his spirit,

"Women above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;"
a tribute to the Queen of Heaven that could rival any from the pen of a Cardinal Newman or a Father Faber. He died a little puzzled, very tolerant, but still unconsciously groping toward the solidity of practical Catholicism.

When it is discovered that this all pervading Catholic influence penetrated the colossal egotism and inconsistencies of George Gordon, Lord Byron, one without presumption can begin to accept the truth of its universality. The sheer potency of the power that could sweep away the distorted sense of values, affectation, and embittered cynicism of this unfortunate genius overawes the imagination. It is with a wonder akin to amazement that one gazes upon the heights of prodigious passion, best typified by his incomparable "Ave Maria," to which his released idealism soared on the wings of Catholic influence.

Standing in sharp contrast to those of the dashing, not-quite-nice nobleman are the poetical efforts of the pitiable, yet intensely lovable Coleridge. Like his more vital contemporaries, he offers occasions in his limited productions to point out traces of the basic Catholic element. Wordsworth was wont to exclaim, "The world is too much with us." His poor friend, however, regarding the curious creatures with whom he dwelt and the strange star he inhabited out of his kindly, wor-

ried eyes, was in the world, but certainly not of it. That practical Catholicism might have proved the anchor for the genius, who drifted a rudderless derelict over the uncharted bosom of life's sea, is more than a wild surmise. Still he assimilated sufficiently Catholic truth to meet the demands of great art. One can find some solace for his so largely dissipated talents in the poetic grandeur of occasional passages such as appear in "The Ancient Mariner." Their overtone, if one listens patiently and carefully enough, has the ring of Catholicism, unconscious, perhaps, but unmistakable—"an archangel slightly damaged," but still an archangel.

Through the poetic skein of the subtle Rosetti there will be no difficulty in tracing the thread of Catholic influence. It was he who was largely responsible for the restoration to English poetry of the medieval temper which is peculiarly characteristic of the ages of faith. Thomas O'Hagan once remarked, "In the reading of Rosetti's poetry you feel something of the mystery that lurks in the dim aisles of a Gothic cathedral."

The poet in whom one somehow expects to find the most pronounced Catholic influence is the poet laureate of Victorianism, Tennyson. This is as it should be no doubt, for there was in him the deliberate, systematic search for beauty that renders him unique among poets. Though sometimes too consciously poetic, the

flame of asceticism burnt strongly within him. As he persistently wooed the alluring, and at first so elusive, muses, he swung now and again into strains whose emotional fervor did not find its inspiration outside of Rome and its teaching. He chose a Catholic theme and developed it in an essentially Catholic style to build up what he considered his loftiest and noblest poem, "The Idylls of the King." Though many have been pleased to regard his "In Memoriam" as an elegy of doubt and despair, it throbs to the divine music of Catholic truth. In the delicate fabric of his "Saint Agnes Eve" and "Sir Galahad" there is a central vibrant note that admits of but one interpretation. When he gently murmured:

"I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar,"

he manifested the supreme confidence and complete repose that had found its true source, if not in actual Catholicism, at least in the Catholic spirit.

To endeavor to present even a rather comprehensive list of the instances of a Catholic element in what generically may be termed non-Catholic poetry would prove a task without end. Hosts of minor poets who, in matters of art, are less great than their fellow craftsmen, have all felt its influence, which could not be denied expression in one form or another. Through sonnet, lyric, ode, and ballad it goes, coursing sometimes far beneath the surface and requiring a scholar to fer-

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ret it out, again bubbling up into plain view as a crystalline fountain of perfect expression. At times it may even be muddied and polluted by circumstances, yet it calmly persists with the inevitability of immortal truth and beauty. Onward, ever onward it surges with its high, clear song, thrilling and inspiring. Always it finds its way to ears sufficiently attuned to recognize it as the supreme indubitable confession of the master singers of literature. Loudly it proclaims that as they sought the solution to the awful problem of being and humanity their degree of success was measured by the extent to which they approached the Catholic Credo, the only true key to the secret of the universe.

The Arrival

W. T. Pank '34

Is it from the sky's own blue
The little speedwell takes its hue;
Borrows perfume from the breeze
To tease the eager taste of bees?

No, in that yon living blue
There bides a vestal soul that's true;
Happy promise of the year
That now has left its cavern drear.

Such is Spring in sunny mirth
That long lay sleeping in the earth
Till nature spoke its mystic word;
And now from slumber Spring has stirred.

Come, read the glad signs in the blue
Of Spring's arrival in the dew;
The curious foxglove climbs its spire;
The rose is bright with living fire.

Thus fair Spring on every land
Holds high o'er all her magic wand,
Making joy in every breast
And calling life from out of rest.

A Musical Monk

Second Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

Michael J. Vichuras '33

FACING the congregation the priest at the altar slowly uttered those significant words over the corpse, "Requiescat in pace." In the meantime a deathly silence pervaded the Eglise Ste. Clotilde following which was heard the soft plaintive wail of the organ. There was something about the melody and performance of this organ which set it above human ingenuity. It was almost supernatural in expression. With bowed heads the congregation could almost picture the organist pleading for the departed soul while it stood before its Maker.

A ray of light picturesquely shaded Cesar Franck's head as he sat before the keyboard pouring his soul into the music. His slender fingers glided over the respondent keys, while his feet agilely skipped over the pedals. Around the master were crowded a number of pupils attentively observing his improvisations. Yes, this was the concert, and this his audience; the humble gathering of devout souls, the pupils, and his Lord in the tabernacle.

What a contrast there is between this man and his contemporaries. F. Liszt presented concerts throughout all the great cities of Europe, Saint-Saens was the idol of Parisian opera-goers, and Chopin, that morbid genius, electrified aud-

iences by his masterly compositions and superb recitals. Yet, Cesar Franck remained in the organ loft of the Eglise Ste. Clotilde perfectly contented with his lot, giving his best, not to be criticized by prejudiced and fickle minds, but for the sanction of the Omnipotent Judge.

Why was it that this man did not receive any recognition in his day? Did he lack the ability to play? This assertion can readily be put aside when one understands that Franck completed a thorough course at the Paris Conservatory of Music from which he merited the highest honors. His father had selected the concert stage for his future career, but Cesar preferred to teach.

Following in the wake of the previous statement another proposition presents itself; why were none of his works then publicly acclaimed as works of art? Were they so poor in their expression of beauty that they could not stand the acid test of critics, together with the taste of the musical world? These compositions, however, were intentionally not released, but preserved to be given to future generations when they could be better prepared to receive them. Franck considered the theme of his work too sacred to be upbraided by mock critics. As a result of this conviction, he dif-

ferred from Rossini, Verdi, and Wagner, who were accustomed to witness their compositions presented before vast audiences with immeasurable success. But his judgment proved to be correct, since at present his works are the criterion by which modern compositions are graded, and have also been included in the repertoire of every great musical organization.

As he did not grace the musical world when he had both the ability and the genius to do so, there is only one conclusion; he was either a misantrophe or a monk. More than likely he was the latter both in thought and in action. In the height of the oceans turbulently lashing against the granite walls of his peace of mind and religion, Cesar Franck wended his way to the Eglise Ste. Clotilde, up to his beloved organ loft to seek that spiritual consolation which only God can bestow on man through the medium of music. That same satisfaction which Chopin sought so zealously in man and was disappointed, Franck found when he transmitted his thoughts into melodious music in an atmosphere of religious sanctity. Even his pupils held him in the highest esteem, not because of his genius, but because of his character as a man. There was a certain kindness, gentleness, patience, and religious atmosphere about him that approached saintliness.

A secular person does not grasp how one can feel satisfied and contented to seclude himself amid gran-

ite walls when all the world is waiting to proclaim him as a genius, if he would only give himself to the public. Despite these allurements he continued his same life, going to his grave with his genius unrecognized. Honor, success, fame and fortune, which to many appear as the only goal in life, held no attraction for him. He realized that in the pursuit of this elusive mirage, one is only too often foiled and goes through life, still seeking, still striving, and never finding.

In utter contrast to this reclusive character one has only to picture Bizet, that colorful opera writer, one who was determined to produce a work that would spell fame and fortune. The opera upon which he spent his best efforts and genius was "Carmen," which at present has reached the apex of popularity. Yet, upon its first presentation it was a failure, and was not repeated again until after the death of its composer, who died of sorrow and despair at the rejection of his masterpiece.

Franck, however, was satisfied to spend his days in teaching, playing the organ in the services of the Lord, and above all, in recording the myriad inspirations which flowed through his mind as he sat improvising at his keyboard. He wrote much, but was content to let his works remain unpublished, only occasionally presenting them for the criticism of his pupils. Perhaps Gray, that English poet, has best summed up his career in the couplet,

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“Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.”

But was the sweetness of this noble and inspiring life wasted? Time, that infallible criterion, has thought it best to take these works out of their seclusion and give them to the world. His oratorios, “Ruth” and “Les Beatitudes” approach in thought and excellence the works of Handel and Haydn; the “Symphony in D” rivals those of Beethoven in sublime expression, his “Chorales” for the organ are usually found in the same repertoire which contains the fugues of Bach.

These works were not, however, published until in recent years. Like those of Schubert they were merely intended as the products of an unquenchable source of inspiration, which demanded expression. Franck transcribed his own thoughts and emotions without being influenced by public taste. He was called by critics the successor of Berlioz, whom he only faintly resembled and surpassed; he was termed a radical against the established principles of harmony and counterpoint, and yet after closely studying his works, one does not understand how they could be written otherwise. He is stigmatized as a composer without lofty themes or coherence by many, yet to the genuine musician he is the master.

This utter disregard for popular taste was of inestimable value to

the secluded organist. None of his works were written in the heat of national enthusiasm, which type of work eventually proves to be superficial and ephemeral. Beethoven, whose name is linked with the acme in music, was so enthused at the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig that he composed his “Battle Symphony” in the fever of excitement. Years later this rash act was bewailed since it proved the weakest creation of his master mind; a work which he himself later on termed, “eine Dummheit.”

Yes, he is a musical monk, one who secreted himself in the organ loft of the church pouring out those melodious thoughts in honor of the Savior; one whose secluded life is surrounded by that same quiet and serenity which are the lot of those men who live in monasteries. Cesar Franck prayed to his God, but unlike these monks who lifted their voices in prayer, he has left his thoughts immortalized in music; thoughts which have no equal in the realm of art; thoughts which are so sublime and recondite, that to the worldly minded they are meaningless; thoughts which are only now being recognized as the product of a genius, who of his own accord shunned the high places in order to find Him Who is present in the tabernacle. This is the musical “monk,” the one glowing, unblemished star in a sky which is glittering with a multitude of inferior planets.

A Message

U. A. Reichlin '33

I rested calmly on the shore
And listened to the rolling waves,
As one by one they came to tell
Of mysteries they had learned.
And as I gazed on sands near and remote,
On them, it seemed, the waves a story wrote.

In sound and sign, as wave on wave
Stole in from o'er the foaming deep,
Like messengers sent from afar,
Came warnings both of tide and time.
I heard my name and learned my dole in life,
Which had but one refrain—an endless strife.

Of glory, naught was writ or said,
And likewise naught of worldly pelf;
But I was warned to live for God,
Whose prize for valor is a crown.
If then God's providence will be my guide,
Naught shall I fear that comes o'er time and tide.

The Angelus

D. P. Pallone '34

Two weary peasants working in the field,
Now pause and listen to the soft sweet chime
Of distant bells. And eagerly to rest they yield,
To pray and meditate on thoughts sublime.
While bowed in holy awe and tender love,
Their thrice sweet scented Aves heavenward rise
To her who is their noble Queen above,
And smiles on them from bright celestial skies.

So should we pause when in this world of strife,
Our troubles cast us down; and spent with care,
We look up on this earth as weary life
Spreads dark before us. Look up yonder where
A loving tender hearted Mother dwells,
Whose heart with every saintly Ave swells.

The King Rises

Third Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

John Samis '35

TENSION grips the audience. Each move of the villain is eagerly watched. Not a stir in the courtyard. The excitement increases as the lurking villain creeps toward the sleeping king. He casts a furtive glance about; the way is clear, and he pours the deadly venom in his sovereign's ear.

Meanwhile King Claudius sits in his royal box. He too sees the assassin enter the scene; approach the unguarded sovereign. At that moment Claudius turns his eyes from the stage. He dares a nervous, cowardly glance at the audience. Luckily their interest binds them to the play. He then looks at the Queen, but there sees only a reflection of his own guilt in her timorous eyes. Quickly the King turns, and unconsciously, as though to silence his wildly beating heart he draws his robes close. The King must not reveal any nervousness, so his eyes are again focused on the stage—just at the moment of the murder.

Ophelia, a young mistress of the court, distracted from the interest of the play to the splendor of the royal entourage, catches a glimpse of His Majesty's box.

"The King rises!" she exclaims.

These three words mark the stirring climax of Shakespeare's immortal "Hamlet." The action they in-

dicade is the temporary salvation of the hero, and ultimately, it means the death of the wicked King Claudius. Young Hamlet is thereby warranted unbounded justification to avenge the foul murder of his father, by his uncle, King Claudius. As Hamlet hears the words and watches each move made by the King—nay, as he observes the very soul of the King, his own heart leaps in satisfaction. The King's rising was the spark that inflamed Hamlet's hate and vengeance anew. The burning glow shed its rays in the dark night of his uncertainty of mind, pointing out the path that he must follow—the immediate revenge for his father's death.

The true import of this climax will be realized when one notes the complete transition in Hamlet's behavior. Heretofore he had been essentially a man of thought rather than action. This weakness may have been due to the environment of the university, but nevertheless, the fact as such, profoundly influenced the execution of his father's revenge. But now, we see in Hamlet a man who gradually, but none the less positively, struggles through odds to pull himself to the front. He becomes a spirited performer in this drama of life, and shows himself capable of playing his important role. His course of action through-

out, however, is directed by deliberation and prudence. In this respect, Hamlet shows himself in favorable contrast to the striking, dashing, young figure of Laertes, the Parisian educated gentleman, whose reckless impulsiveness is a direct cause of his own and the hero's tragic deaths.

Consider Hamlet's position at the stage of the story leading up to the climax. A young mind, green from the university, is burdened with worries that would have taxed more talented and experienced minds. There was, primarily, the murder of his father. Then followed in rapid succession the disgusting marriage of the Queen-mother and the uncle; the covenant with the ghost; the suspicious populace; Ophelia's chilled reactions towards his love. Any one of these would have been a sufficient problem in itself, but young Hamlet must bear them all, without the aid and advice of a true father, or the sympathy and encouragement of a loving mother. Even these aids were wanting to him. Then admitting that Hamlet was essentially a thinker, can any one put him to blame for his cautiousness, surrounded on all sides as he was, by intriguing foes? On the other hand one must admire him for his courage and valor in the manner in which he attacks these problems.

What is more discouraging, is the fact that these misfortunes were deadly effective against Hamlet's

morale. More than once does he condemn himself for his misfortunes. The weight of their sum seems to operate against his every plan, by forcing him to admit his inability to cope with the situation. But while he may have been aware of this weakness, Hamlet never did surrender completely to the struggle. Thus one sees him time and again reproaching himself because of his overly prudent caution.

But despite all these handicaps, Hamlet remains a clear thinker. His ideas show to supreme advantage when he arranges for a troop of players to enact a drama containing a murder scene which is identical with that of his wronged father. And then follows that tacit confession of King Claudius at his turn in the play.

Hamlet is henceforth a man of action. Reassured and encouraged by the second appearance of the ghost-father, he is determined to have revenge in full. All doubts are banished, and Hamlet rises to heights that make one proud of him. He awakens a new moral courage in himself. This combination of the thinker and the actor prove a devastating pair, for shortly afterward, Polonius is killed. Hamlet then forges a letter which results in the execution of Claudius' ambassadors, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Not even does he spare his mother, whom he chides most severely. This flare of action acquaints everyone who sees the play, with Hamlet, the man.

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Hamlet continues to accomplish his objective, the execution of King Claudius, but at the cost of his own life. It is a pitiful tragedy for one so noble, for one who fought to the end against towering odds.

Nevertheless, Hamlet leaves a pleasing afterthought. Everybody pities him for what he was before, but admires him the more after 'The King Rises.'

Immortality

A. F. Horrigan '34

In distant places I beheld strange sights
Of mighty power, sights that overawe
With crushing majesty and mien. I saw
That massive, surging flame in stone, the heights
Of Matterhorn; on fabled Persian nights
The sweep of jeweled skies. I knew the raw
Bleak kiss of wintry gales, to which no law
Man gives, and once the Northern Lights.

To man such sights of nature's awful art
A sense of weakness brings. Some men are dazed
By them and cry, "How small mere mortals be!"
But rises then the answer strong, "I'm part
Of immortality. When things are razed
To crumbling dust, then life will start for me."

Joy and Friendship

U. J. Wurm '33

In moments cheerful, day by day,
The dreams of life
Will flow into the tranquil tide
That wends its way
Through Nature's ruthless hour-glass
Without a sign or promise to return
The joy that beamed from youthful eyes,
Whose only friend is memory
That will recall the days of Life's fair prime
And show that Youth has held the sweetest dreams of all,

Oh Life! When are your charms more keen,
Than such as years
Of Youth can bring in lusty guise
With promise sweet
To make e'en Seraphs feel a hope to share
The pleasures that by all are most desired?
Though pleasures hold a universe of joy,
Suffused by Heaven's softest light;
But then like bubbles on the sea of time
Will they not burst and lose their gleaming from divine?

Such is our lot Youth's joys to view,
As baubles fleet
That cross the phantom scene of years.
Ah, see them shine
As on their wings of burnished gold they flee,
Nor deign to mark with steps the sands of time,
As if 'twere Beauty's right to hold in scorn
The flight of time that well might rob
The silky ringlets from her fairy brow
That veil her charming loveliness from sight of man!

In youthful joys, we had our share,
My parting friends;
But now that skein of happy life
Is cut in twain.
Not so our friendships; they no rift shall know,
As in our several ways we strive for goals
That to ourselves may bring fair joys untold.
And if uncertain destiny
Should cast a lengthening shadow o'er our lives,
As graduates of '33, our friendship shall abide.

Cherry Blossoms

D. M. U. Prize Story

Michael J. Vichura's '33

THE festivities of the cherry blossoms were now in season. During the quiet evening as the waves tipped with silver crests under an oriental moon lapped the shores of the bay, the city of Tokio was glittering with the hues of various colored lanterns. Lovers were amorously strolling through the rows of blossoming cherry trees which were beautiful in their freshness.

In the midst of this scene, there stepped from the shadow of a tree a young man who advanced to meet a maiden waiting nearby. "Ann," he whispered, "you have come as I have asked. I have been waiting to see you again this evening. Beautiful, is it not?"

"Yes, Yu," meekly replied the girl, "it is indeed long since we have met. I thought that perhaps you were not going to come. Look how quickly the blossoms are covering the trees. I hope that our love will thrive as those blossoms do."

"I love this night, and I love to have you near me above all. Ann, you are a dear to have come here tonight."

The maiden suddenly turned to the suitor and asked rather bluntly, "Were you not going to inform me this evening what your father had to say in regard to our contemplated marriage? Have you asked him?"

"I am afraid not, Ann," answer-

ed Yu rather slowly. "But then you know that he is busy with affairs of state. I do not believe that it is expedient to put a question to him at present which I know will infuriate him, and that even more so now that he is in a state of nervous tension. Can we not wait for a week or so?"

"But why put it off any longer, Yu?" asked Ann rather peevishly. "You have promised me that at the first cherry blossoms we would celebrate our marriage, and here at the appointed time, you are still afraid to inform your father about your intention. If you are merely trifling with my affections and using me as a toy for your emotions, it is better that we should part."

Yu paled at the mention of the words that he was a mere trifler with the sacred love of a woman, and sought to defend himself. Accordingly he replied, "Ann, I do not see why we should quarrel when all is merriment about us. Let us love and forget the future. Love is a thing that does not grow under scrutiny but appears best when seen through rose colored glasses. Ann, I love you, and what more is there for me to tell you? Marriage will take care of itself in time."

"Yu, why are you so afraid of your father? Will he disinherit you? If he does, I have enough to

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maintain both of us in ease and even in luxury. Let us part now and meet again at the falling of the cherry blossoms when you will tell me about your father's decision."

The obstacle which confronted the marriage of Yu and Ann concerned their respective positions in life. Ann's father, a man who had made a fortune in the rising newspaper industry, was one of that group of men in Japan who were prominent, not because of their blood, but their money. On the other hand, Yu Sen was the son of an old aristocrat whose ancestors were clothed with the legendary honors of the past. It was a violation of their most sacred traditions of cast to allow a marriage between these two classes. Moreover, it was a known fact that Yu's father would not permit this kind of marriage under any circumstance.

In Ann's association with many classes of people, especially with those whom she met during her education abroad, she had come to know more and more about the missionaries and the nuns who were doing hard work and sacrificing all in order to bring the Catholic faith to her country. It was nothing unusual for her to visit occasionally one of these houses of mercy and often make a donation to the Sisters. At first she merely tolerated them, but later she began to be interested in them, and it was not long until she loved and in fact adored them. In some of her conversations with the nuns she had learned that a nat-

ive clergy and sisterhood were lacking in order to spread the faith more actively in Japan.

That she should learn how to take care of herself was the aim her father had in training her. Hence, she was given free rein in her religious practice, education, and above all in her love affairs with the son of the distinguished Lu Sen. Of course he felt sure that she could take care of herself, but when he discovered how her love affairs were progressing and found that to all appearances she was being used as a toy, he resented it. It was shortly after the last nocturnal meeting under the new cherry blossoms that he called his daughter for a little paternal conference in which he warned her saying:

"Ann, I have been observing you and Yu Sen rather closely. But from what I have already noticed I see that he is not playing you fair. If he were really in love with you—love means sacrifice—he would already have asked his father about marrying you. If Lu Sen, his father, had refused, Yu would have taken you regardless of the consequences. You remember the promise which I made that you both should never want for anything. And furthermore—"

"But father," Ann pleaded, "let me take care of this affair. You see—"

"No," said the father rather decisively. "I have allowed you to have your own way in anything that you wanted, but now I see that

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you will be duped if you marry that man. He is shallow, and is not the kind of a man who will be faithful to you. Any pretty face will attract him. His love is similar to that attracted by cherry blossoms; when in season there is nothing more beautiful than are these blossoms, but when the last petals have fallen off, their beauty is gone and with it their attractiveness. Such will be the case with his love for you. And another thing. I wanted to say when you interrupted me, that if he does marry you now he will always regret that he ever took you instead of following the pursuit which had been laid out for him by his own father. In your old age, if he does not drop you before that time arrives, he will curse you, calling you the drag which prevented him from being the famous man that his father was. If you desire the love that will live with the cherry blossoms and die with them, love Yu Sen; but if you seek a love that is neither tarnished nor withered by wind and sun, you had better seek it elsewhere, but not in the palaces of kings and princes."

Her father was right. Ann saw that the love Yu was offering would end with her accepting it. Her nature was not satisfied with having loved once. She was a highly emotional creature that must love all the time or else, like the cherry blossoms, would fade with the passing of a few weeks and be an object of disgust instead of beauty and attractiveness. Since Yu could

not offer her the love and happiness that her heart was craving, she must search elsewhere.

Lanterns swung slowly in the evening breeze which arose from the Pacific Ocean and seemed to lend a rather enchanted atmosphere to the celebration of the falling of the cherry blossoms. Lovers were walking beneath the shower of pink petals conversing together as only lovers can. Ann walked slowly along the path awaiting Yu's arrival. But he in turn was waiting for her by the young cherry tree which he had claimed was the symbol of their growing mutual love.

As she approached she glanced at him through the corner of her eyes and guessed what he was going to say, namely, "I have met you my fleeting doe. I have waited long for you this evening and thought that you would never come. You are the silver crests upon the rolling waves. You are the light of the beacon which is flung across the bay. You are the very cherry blossoms that are being scattered upon our heads. You are my love!"

"Yu," asked Ann slowly without glancing into his limpid eyes which seemed to burn with that deep glow of unquenchable oriental love, "you have promised to tell me about questioning your father. How has he decided? I have endured two weeks of anxiety and have thought of no one else but you."

Yu seemed taken aback by this blunt way of speaking. "Ann, why do you always strike a thunderbolt

The St. Joseph's Collegian

across the clear and sunny sky?" he answered. "My father, he is opposed! But then, let us love. If he disinherits me, I shall go to live with you and your father, even if I dislike to do so. But then, if I do not marry you, what will happen to my love for you? It will wither like these falling petals but unlike the tree, it will not blossom again."

The girl turned slowly to the impassioned lover and with tears in her eyes spoke firmly. "I have been thinking of our love and of our plight. Do you see these falling cherry blossoms? Our love is like unto them. It grew into beauty under them and most probably will die with them. Yu, you know and realize that in the near future your love will turn to hatred. You will hate and despise me for the opportunities you will lose by marrying

me. No, Yu, I think that our love should end with the passing of the cherry blossoms."

"Ann," gasped the startled youth "is there someone else who has captivated your heart? Can you leave me after all that I have gone through for you? I know there is someone else, since a woman does nothing unless she is prompted either by love or hatred. Who is it?"

"Yu, I have spoken. Let us part."

A few days later Ann boarded the first liner for America, hurrying to meet her lover, not in the cities or in the country places, but at front of the tabernacle, as an aspirant to the missionary sisterhood. She wanted an unquenchable love and found it in Him who is the everlasting fount of love for all mankind.

Care Free

S. M. Cvaniga '34

I hear the humming of the bees in June,
As each one nimbly flits from flower to flower
And labors busily through every hour
To steal their sweetness. In the forest, soon
I hear the warbling of the birds, a tune
That lulls and sends my mind to azure skies
Where colors blue sweet Iris deftly plys
To make this world more like a paradise.

Ah, let me contemplate the grand ideals
Of nature, and start life anew once more!
May I forget all troubles and all cares
And face the world with heart that fair June heals
With merry laugh and song. On clouds I'll soar
Beyond the reach of pain which anguish bears.



Clubs

C L U B S



Sitting: D. Pallone, Assistant Business Manager; Raymond Leonard, Business Manager; Michael Vichuras, Editor; Herbert Kenney, Assistant Editor; K. Hurlow. **First Row:** Fischer, Allgeier, Volin, McKune, Danehy, Boarman, Dery. **Second Row:** Horrigan, Hession, Reichlin, Voors, Kuhns, Zimerle. **Last Row:** Wurm, Pike, Manoski, Lenk, Missler, Robbins.

The Collegian Staff

THE St. Joseph's Collegian, the medium of written expression for the local students, made its beginning as far back as 1894 under the direction of the Rev. Maximilian Walz, C. PP. S. As a school magazine it is going along strong as ever according to its ideal to become ever bigger and better.

At present the director is Father M. B. Koester, C. PP. S., who is

assisted in this capacity by Mr. Thomas P. Gaynor. The great interest shown in the work of the Collegian by these gentlemen and by the staff members has enabled the publication to meet the requirements that usually fall to the lot of school journals. Annually it is a matter of pride to the graduates of St. Joseph's to see that the Collegian has been successfully edited throughout the school year.

The St. Joseph's Collegian



Sitting: S. Manoski, J. Pike, L. Fullenkamp (President), E. Fischer, C. Robbins. **Standing:** A. Traser, J. Lenke, J. O Leary (President), T. Danehy, V. Boarman.

Columbian Literary Society

THE C. L. S. is the first organization of a social kind connected with the institution. That it carried out its initial program to care for the mental advancement of the local students is sufficiently evident

from the large amount of successful work that it has to its credit.

As moderator of this society, Father Ildephonse Rapp, C. PP. S. has served for the long period of twenty-seven consecutive years, and during all of these years, the society has known no let up in its work and no diminution in enthusiasm. Besides literary programs, the society has annually presented from five to six plays, even as for the present year it has staged "The Jolly Roger," "Now Adolph," "Laff That Off," "The Man in the Shadow," "Grumpy," and "In the Next Room."



C L U B S



Sitting: E. Beeler, A. Wolf, A. Burns (President), U. Kuhn, D. Foohey. Standing: E. Maziarz, E. Hession (President), E. McCarthy, L. Kostka.

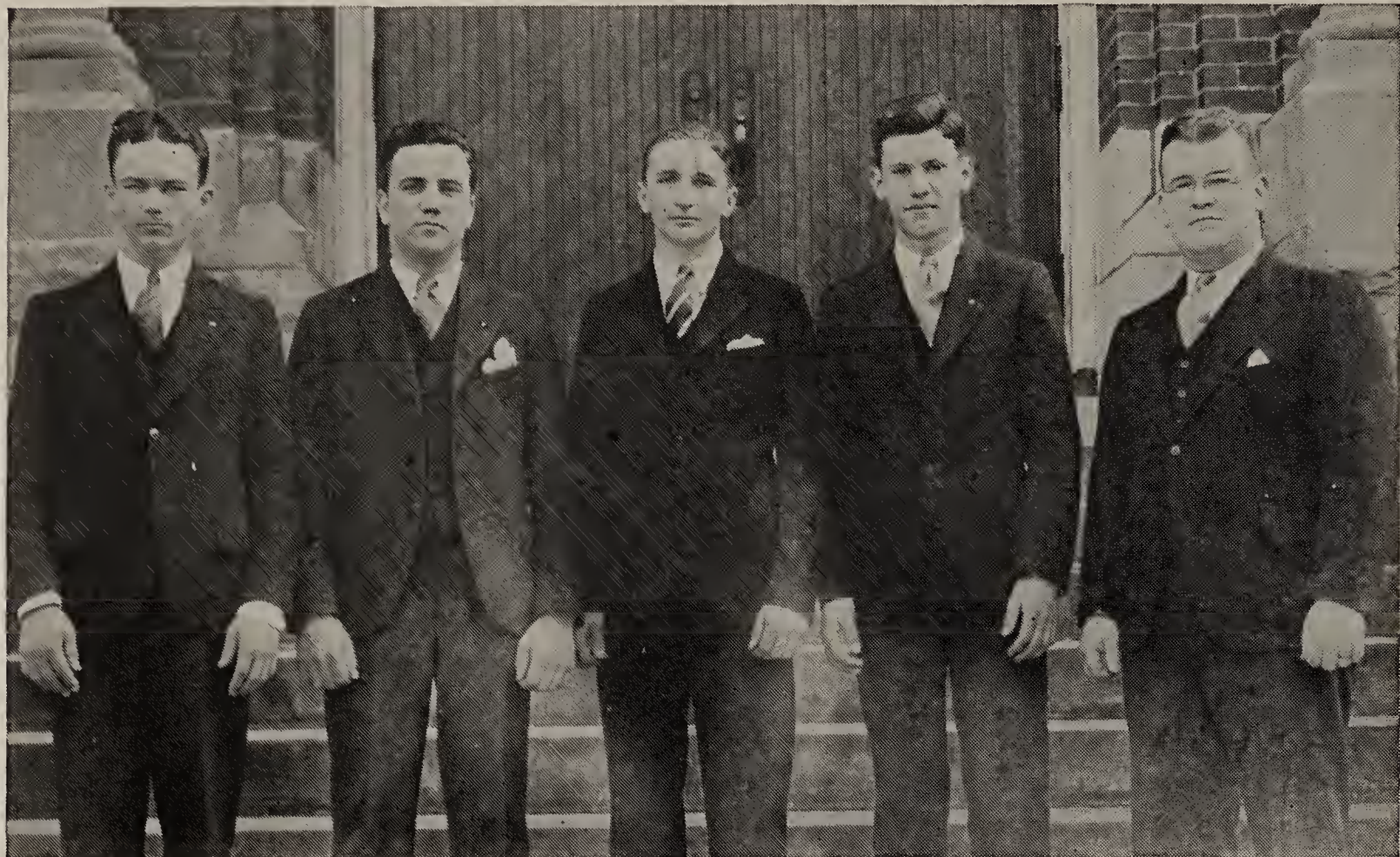
The Newman Club

IN very early years at St. Joseph's, a society of the literary kind was established and came to be familiarly known as the A. L. S. Membership in this society was confined to students in the first three academic years. Later on, this society adopted the name of Newman Club

and is known as such at the present day.

Since the Newmans are really "Freshmen" in the local dramatic and literary fields, their public appearances are rather limited, but they have their bi-weekly literary programs, together with two or three plays annually. During the present school year they have staged "The Hut" and "Three Live Wires" in a most satisfactory manner. Father Ildephonse Rapp, C. PP. S., the moderator of the C. L. S., likewise serves in this capacity for the Newman Club.





Left to Right: W. McKune, S. Manoski, M. Vichuras (President), E. Hession, J. Lenk.

Dwenger Mission Unit

THIS organization, under the direction of Rev. Cyril F. Knue, C. PP. S. has for its chief motive, the helping of the missions both financially and spiritually. Annually considerable sums of money, raised by means of raffles, festivals, and dues, are distributed among the various mission fields at the discretion

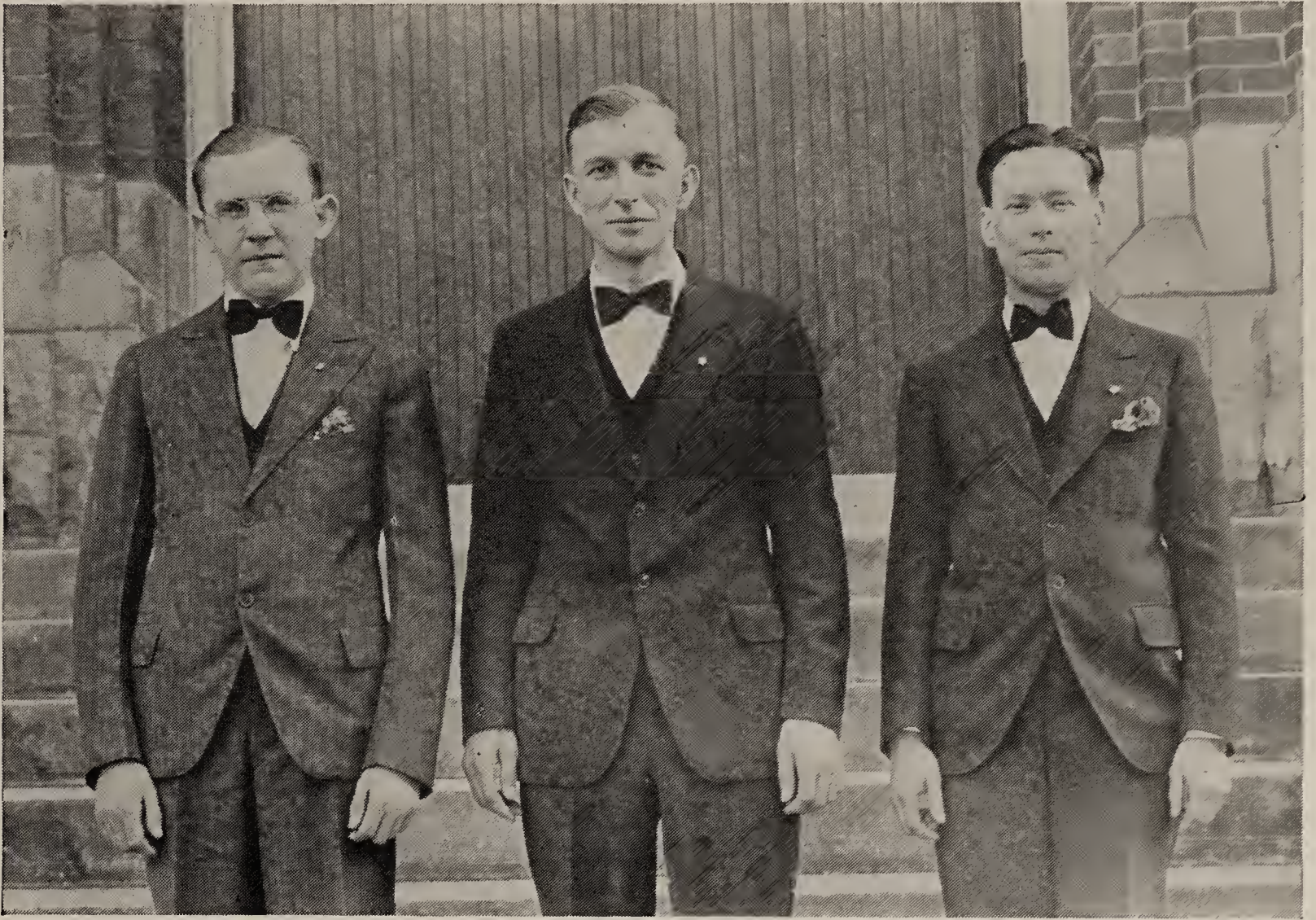
of the society. Spiritual bouquets, made semi-monthly by the Dwengerites, are likewise sent to different mission fields.

The unit also does much toward the promotion of Catholic Action. Of recent years it has become a medium through which this work has made great progress. Especially is this the case during the present school year since the larger part of each meeting is given over to this endeavor.

The D. M. U. acquaints its members with the true conditions in the mission fields, and implants in them an undying mission spirit.



C L U B S



H. Balster, W. Steiger (President), V. Volin.

The Raleigh Club

FOR relaxation, mental and physical, the Raleigh Club members take refuge within the pleasant quarters known as the smoking room. The matter of smoking, however, is the smaller part of the

recreation offered. To secure variety in entertainment, the club members frequently give informal, semi-literary presentations, together with song and instrumental music. Light dramatic selections and witty dialogues are frequently in order.

During the present school year the Raleigh Club staged a minstrel. It was its first effort in this respect and secured so much approval that according to popular opinion it will not be the last. The moderator of the Raleigh Club, Father John J. Schon, C. PP. S. is deeply interested in securing recreation for its members.





The Orchestra

THE orchestra, during the present school year, happens to be one of the best that ever responded to the baton of Professor Paul C. Toner. At different times in its concerts, it has presented Bela's "Hungarian Lustspiel," Tschaikow-

sky's "March from the Nutcracker Suite," and "Si J'ai Roi" by Adams. Its major productions during the present school year were featured in the annual Musicale, and among these were played such productions as "Heart Throbs from the Cradle to the Grave," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, and selections from Bizet's "Carmen."



Without the help of the orchestra, it may well be supposed that local social and literary entertainments would not have proved to be so attractive as they happened to be.



Concert Band

BAND concerts have always played an important part in the life of students at St. Joseph's. Outside of its customary appearances in giving the usual spring-time evening concerts, the band has offered

repeated entertainment at club performances and at basketball games. At the Mission Festival held on Easter Sunday afternoon, it rendered a group of pleasing selections that aided greatly in keeping up good cheer and interest among the crowd that had gathered for the occasion.

Every student at St. Joseph's naturally aspires to become a member of the band. In response to this desire, the local band shows a decided increase in membership for this school year. Not only has the membership increased in numbers, but it may be truthfully said that quality improved with quantity.





The Choir

BY his persistent efforts, Father Henry Lucks, C. PP. S., together with Professor Paul C. Tonner, the organist, has developed a choir that can sing, and that with a degree of perfection as will make any

one, who is acquainted with choral or polyphonic music, perfectly content to listen. Many difficult Masses are to be found in the choir's repertoire, but it is ready to present any one of them with readiness and skill.

Outside of church services, the choir stages a big performance in connection with the annual Musicale. On that occasion for this year, it sang "Soldiers' Chorus" by Gounod; Schubert's "Serenade," "The Old Refrain" by Kreisler; "Drink to me with Thine Eyes" by F. J. Smith; "Down South" as arranged by Schalkley, together with the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel.





Sports



Coach Raymond DeCook, B. Sc.



The Senior Football Team.

Intramural Football

IN the line of football activities, the pigskin bearers of St. Joe certainly showed plenty of speed and strategy. Although a standing Varsity team was not realized, nevertheless the class rivalry looked like four dogs scrapping for the same bone.

The class pennant was won by the College Freshmen who came through with two wins and a tie game in an exhibition of real football. Running plays, passes, and line bucks, with plenty of pep seemed to keep the Fifths well in front but they were stopped by the Seniors in a 0-0 tie.

In regard to the Seniors, matters seemed to be rather complicated. Shall we call them the best or just an undefeated team? Their record was no wins, no defeats, but three knotted scores, 0-0, 7-7, 0-0. The

Baker Hall team possessed some real men and although the material was not what they would desire, yet the Bakerites can point with pride to a team that has not been defeated in three real games.

Coming out even was the plight of the High-School Seniors; their record being one win, one loss, and one tie. Their only victory came over a stubborn third year team, 20-7 and a 14-0 game was dropped to the Fifths.

.000 was the sad status of the fighting Thirds, losing two and then knotting one. Although they had no previous class-league competition the Thirds showed enough to warn the other teams that they had better keep their eyes open, or things might go against them.

S P O R T S



First Row: Ritter (Student Manager), Scheidler, Petit, Horrigan, Danehy (Captain), Siefer, Coach DeCook. **Second Row:** McKune, Hession, Traser, Downey, Fontana.

Varsity Basketball

The return of inter-collegiate sports after a lapse of seven years was hailed with great enthusiasm when the students learned that Raymond DeCook had been appointed coach at St. Joe's.

There can be no doubt in the minds of local sports fans that this year's team certainly made a fine showing in their debut, as it were. The regular team was composed of Capt. Danehy and Hession, forwards, Fontana, center, and Scheidler and Horrigan, guards. Time and again when defeat seemed to stare the Cardinals in the face, a quick shot, or a quick dribble and a shot, scored

baskets in the nick of time. As a result of their concerted efforts the Cardinals were able to garner twelve wins in fifteen starts for a percentage of .800. The outstanding games were played against Huntington in the opener, Catholic Youth Organization of Chicago, and Holy Trinity of Gary.

Season's Record

St. Joe's, 32; Huntington College, 29
St. Joe's, 15; Remington High, 20
St. Joe's, 37; St. John's, Whiting, 22
St. Joe's, 15; Rensselaer High, 22
St. Joe's, 32; St. Bavo's, Mishaw., 18
St. Joe's, 40; Kokomo Jun. Coll., 20

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St. Joe's, 28; St. John's, Whiting, 22
 St. Joe's, 16; Huntington College, 30
 St. Joe's, 44; Kokomo Jun. Coll., 26
 St. Joe's, 48; Wolcott Ind'pds., 18
 St. Joe's, 36; Sacred Heart, Whit., 22
 St. Joe's, 32; Gallagher Bus. Coll., 25
 St. Joe's, 31; Cath. Youth Org., 26
 St. Joe's, 25; Remington High, 11
 St. Joe's, 31; Holy Trinity, Gary, 30

Fontana, c. -----	98
Danehy, f. -----	83
Hession, f. -----	61
Downey, f. -----	23
Horrigan, g. -----	21
Siefer, g. -----	20
Traser, g. -----	20
Petit, c. -----	17
Manoski, f. -----	8
McKune, g. -----	4
Welch, f. -----	2
Karcher, g. -----	2
White, c. -----	1

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

Scheidler, g. ----- 102

Intramural Basketball

DISPLAYING a flashy brand of basketball, the High School Seniors came through to win the intramural basketball pennant with four victories and only one defeat. The defeat came at the hands of the Fifths in their first meeting of the year. Second place honors went to the Fifths who lost the deciding game to the Fourths 24-23. Although the College Freshmen donated most of their good material to the makeup of the Varsity; nevertheless the men who did represent their class gave an exhibition of some real playing ability. The Sixths and Thirds would not let themselves come out of the loop whitewashed, so they each managed to get one victory.

Fourths, 24	Fifths, 23
Fourths, 27	Sixths, 13
Fifths, 25	Fourths, 22
Sixths, 16	Fifths, 7
Fifths, 29	Thirds, 16

Schedule of Intramural Games:

Fifths, 27	Thirds, 16
Thirds, 16	Sixths, 15
Fourths, 13	Sixths, 12
Fourths, 31	Sixths, 13

The Junior loop was represented by six teams composed of players from every class and from every clime, but the best part of these teams was that some of their players made up a real side show. For among the oddities in the Junior loop we find Ernest Bean, an elongated center (6ft. 3 in.) who seemed to keep the fans dumbfounded by his famous one-hand shots and also by the action of his big feet. Another member of the side show was Bernard Griesbaum, whose baggy pants looked like meal bags. Besides these were such attractions as Collins, Judy, Schmelter, and Grieshaber.

Varsity Baseball

ST. Joe's Varsity baseball squad under the same tutorship that had brought glorious victory for the basketball team, has acquired that zip and pep which belong by nature to a good ball club. The players seem to be in such good shape as to give any team that chances to cross its path, quite a bit of opposition. Rudy Kuhn and "Rosy" Rastetter seem to be the high lights in the battery with Eddie Hession and Norbert Dreiling as relief pitchers; Herb Eilerman is relief catcher; Tom Danehy and "Rusty" Scheidler are striving for the initial sack position; Earl Rausch and Ed Siefer look good at second; Bill McKune is slated for short, while Bill Hartlage and Len Kostka will fight it out for the hot corner. John Samis, Tony Migoni, and Henry Rager will do the heavy work in the garden, center, left, and right field respectively.

As far as can be ascertained the opposition for the coming year will be furnished by St. John's and Sacred Heart of Whiting; Holy Trinity of Gary and St. Bavo's of Mishawaka.

ALUMNI CAPTURE ANNUAL EVENT

Lotsa rain! Lotsa mud! Lotsa luck! Alumni take annual rag-chewing baseball game from the Varsity, 8-2. Yes, the college is going to back down and concede

this year's game to their elders, (perhaps we can't call them elders because the pitcher was none other than Fred Follmar, ex-'33 star.) He pitched a great game, allowing two runs, two hits, striking out two, and issuing one pass. The three college pitchers, Kuhn, Hession, and Dreiling allowed eight runs, six hits, getting three K's and issuing five free passes to first. Three wild pitches by Dreiling permitted three runs to score, but after he had settled down he promptly put two men on the bench via the SO route. Wilson of the Alumni garnered three hits in four trips for the best batting average of the game. "Red" Lammers, ex-'35 gave the gym building an awful jolt when he poked a nicely hit ball to the second story. It was only converted into a double however, but "Red" tried to stretch it into a triple and was put out at third on a fast play from McKune to Kostka.

The two hits for the Varsity came through the efforts of Danehy and Rastetter, each getting singles and scoring on Bubala's error of Migoni's grounder.

The game was rather slow throughout, with both teams getting errors on seemingly easy grounders. But why talk about errors and runs when we are going to let this year's game fade into the distant past as the game which was won by rain, mud,—and perhaps superior ability.



Senior Record

NEARLY every class of graduates at St. Joseph's has left behind them a record of fame on the athletic field, but the Senior Class, the graduates of this year, can lay no claim to any record of this kind. Though seriously contesting in games occasionally, yet they won no pennant. It was their unceasing fate

to enjoy the 'mortification' of being considered an inferior team, but will it be the victories or defeats they have met on the campus that will make them better men? Their standing in athletic activities is briefly indicated in the following summary:

Activity	Standing	Manager	Captain
Football	Fifth	Krieter	Toth
Football	Fourth	Follmar	Biggins
Football	Second	Egolf	Riedlinger
Football	Third	Bescanceney	Lenk
Football	Second	O'Leary	Riedlinger
Basketball	Fourth	Stricker	Toth
Basketball	Fourth	Bubala	Maloney
Basketball	Fourth	Follmar	Kemp
Basketball	Fourth	Ritter	Vichuras
Basketball	Third	Ritter	Leonard
Baseball	Fourth	Besanceney	Stricker
Baseball	Fifth	Robbins	Follmar
Baseball	Fourth	Besanceney	Bubala
Baseball	Fourth	Selhorst	Vichuras
Baseball	_____	Danehy	Selhorst



Review

R E V I E W

OPENING OF SCHOOL

SCHOOL opened on September 12, Registration Day, and classes were assigned after the customary Solemn High Mass. For the first time since 1925 the College was offering a Commercial course in addition to the regular classical curriculum. The students enrolled numbered two hundred and fifty-nine.

Three new members were added to the Faculty. Father Falter, C. PP. S., M. A. was transferred here from Brunnerdale Seminary where

he taught last year. Mr. Raymond DeCook, B. Sc., was appointed athletic coach and instructor of physical education. He came to St. Joseph's from Notre Dame where he had made a name for himself in athletic work. Another Notre Dame man, Mr. Thomas P. Gaynor, M. A. was secured as professor of college English, and assistant Faculty director to Father M. B. Koester of the COLLEGIAN.

EXAMINATIONS

AFTER scanning the greater part of this publication many readers may conclude that life at St. Joe's is just a bed of roses. Granted. There are many roses of various species and hues; but it should always be remembered that with every rose grow thorns. More than likely disputes arise as to whether sports, entertainments, classes or free days are the roses; but all

heartily agree with the fact that examinations are the thorns.

Among the Seniors, who deserve special mention for having metamorphosed their thorns into roses by consistently earning for themselves a place on the quarterly honor rolls, are: Frederick Koch, Michael Vichuras, Robert Dery, Charles Robbins, Bernard Glick, and Thomas Danehy.

CLASS OFFICERS

FOR the most part, the success enjoyed by the individual classes during the past year was due to the efforts of the capable men whom the members of each class saw fit to choose as their officers.

Two able men, Leonard Fullenkamp and Raymond Leonard, as

president and secretary-treasurer respectively, were chosen by the Seniors to be their leaders; and they have proved to be worthy leaders.

To Clarence Rastetter, the College Freshmen entrusted their gavel with Richard Baird as his advisor

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and Valerian Volin, secretary-treasurer.

Confiding in Anthony Suelzer, the Fourths placed him in their presidential chair with Donald Foohey as vice-president. Vetter Biven and John Downey were elected severally as secretary and treasurer.

Perhaps, just to be different, the Thirds held two elections. For the first semester they chose Gerald Meyer, president; Ambrose Lengerich, vice-president; Timothy Dooddy, secretary; Edward Bubala, treasurer and Dennis Schmitt, marshal. The officers for the second semester

were: James Bruskotter, president; Ambrose Lengerich, vice-president; William Stack, secretary; Henry G. Gyzbowski, treasurer and Gerald Bosco, marshal.

Apparently by mutual agreement, Thomas Seifert was the president of the Seconds assisted by Edward Andres, vice-president and Henry Kenney, secretary-treasurer.

A novel election held by the Freshmen gave the presidency to Charles Schmelter and the combined office of secretary-treasurer to Harold Judy.

VARSITY BANQUET

IN appreciation of their efforts which made the past season a grand success, a banquet served in the local visitors' refectory was given in honor of the Varsity Basketball Team. The Very Rev. Father Kenkel, Rev. A. Scheidler and Rev. T. Koenn were present as guests of honor and each favored the team with an appropriate address. After a speech in which he expressed sat-

isfaction and joy, Coach DeCook, amid the applause of all present, presented the coveted letters to Thomas Danehy, Charles Scheidler, Alfred Horrigan, Joseph Fontana, Edward Hession, Edward Siefer, Anthony Traser and John Downey. Due to his brilliant playing throughout the past season, Charles Scheidler was chosen as captain of next year's varsity.

THE MISSION FESTIVAL

IN view of the great success of the Mission Festival inaugurated last year, it was again held this year on Easter Sunday. The program was carried on in the basement and on the galleries of the gymnasium; hence despite the inclemency of the weather that prevented many from neighboring parishes to attend, it did not end in failure. In fact, the program as a whole was a greater success than that of last year.

From the bingo, chuck luck, baseball and dart booths, fish pond, refreshment stand, and mouse trap, the D. M. U. reaped approximately a net profit of \$150. The raffle, which took place after supper on the same evening, realized \$107, bringing the grand total somewhere close to the \$260 mark. This money goes directly to the D. M. U., and indirectly to the support of home and foreign missions.

R E V I E W

ALUMNI DAY

DISREGARDING the threatening weather, scores of Alumni on the afternoon of April 30 returned to St. Joseph's in order to enjoy the annual Homecoming Day. Due to the downpour of rain and hail, which prevented the use of the outdoor bandstand, Professor Paul Tonner presented his afternoon band concert in Alumni Hall. "Grumpy," a play given by the Columbian Literary Society, provided the entertainment for the evening.

A Solemn High Mass, offered for the deceased members of the Alumni Association began the activities on Monday morning, May first. Hard work and plenty of saw dust accounted for the fact that the ball diamond was in playing condition after High Mass. Amid cheers, jeers and boos the annual Alumni-Varsity baseball game proceeded. When the clock struck 11:30, the predetermined time to end the game, the Varsity held the short end of the score 8 to 2.

Elated over their spectacular baseball victory, the Alumni assembled for the banquet which was served in grand style at the noon hour. The eagerly awaited after-dinner speeches having been enjoyed by all, the business session was opened during which the following men accepted their duties as officers of the Alumni Association for the ensuing term. For president, the Association chose The Rev. Anthony J. Tompkins with Mr. Jerry Haugh, first vice-president; Mr. Bernard B. Lear, L. B., second vice-president; Mr. Henry Hipkind, secretary-treasurer and The Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S., historian. Mr. Wilfrid G. Bonvouloir and The Rev. John P. Bruin were elected to the Executive Committee. As essay judges those selected are, The Rev. Simeon M. Schmitt, The Rev. George J. Niekamp, C. PP. S. and The Rev. William I. Collins, C. PP. S.

GRUMPY

ON the evening of Alumni Day, April 30, the C. L. S. ushered in "Grumpy", its second last play of the scholastic year of 1932-33. The theme of the play was centered about the injuries received by Mr. Ernest Heron, a representative of an African diamond firm. A diamond entrusted to him was stolen by a person of seeming reputable character. Using for his clew the

camelia flower to which a hair had been tied by Susan, the maid, and worn by Mr. Heron at the time of the robbery, Mr. Andrew Bullivant, "Grumpy," an old criminal lawyer, finally centered the guilt upon Mr. Jarvis. This gentleman had falsely pretended affections to Miss Virginia Bullivant, the granddaughter of "Grumpy," to familiarize himself with the situation in the Bullivant

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home and to aid him later on in covering up his tracks.

Judging from the attitude of the audience, there can be little doubt that the play was a great success. Leonard Fullenkamp in the role of "Grumpy" ended his dramatic career with a fitting climax. The characterization of Mr. Heron could not have been better impersonated than was done by Frederick Koch. When a man must play a feminine role and do it with technique the best of acting is required. Leon Ritter,

who played Virginia Bullivant, was unparalleled.

In the structure of the play itself, however, it must be noted that the beginning was somewhat vague and difficult to understand; it was obscure to such an extent that the audience could not be aware of the true sequence of the story until the greater portion of the play was past. After enjoying many thrills and hearty laughs everybody left the presentation with a longing to see more of good old "Grumpy," and the rest of the cast.

CONROY ORATORY CONTEST

AMONG the public activities of the College, perhaps the most classical and educational is the Conroy Oratory Contest. It was established years ago by Father Conroy, pastor of the Cathedral at Ft. Wayne, to encourage the fine arts of oratory and public speaking. Only members of the Senior Class, however, are capable of qualifying. After the preliminaries which belong to the spring-term examinations, eight students of the Sixth Class deliver their orations on the evening of Ascension Day, this year the twenty-fifth of May. The first

prize is a beautiful gold medal; the second and third prizes are five dollars each.

Last year the contest, the finest for many years, was won by John Byrne. In '31 and '30, the first honors went to Lawrence Grothouse and Thomas Durkin respectively. The feast of the Ascension coming along rather late this year, the contest is still pending as this issue of the COLLEGIAN goes to press. But the work and zest that are being put into the preparation forebode another outstanding Conroy Oratory Contest.

HIGH HONORS

LAST year the COLLEGIAN became a member of the National Scholastic Press Association, and received first class honor rating among college journals. Not to be outdone by the success of former years, the COLLEGIAN has again won first

honor rating from the N. S. P. A. It is certainly encouraging to the present staff to know that their work has neither been in vain nor gone unappreciated; and to next year's staff it is a great incentive to keep the COLLEGIAN up to a

R E V I E W

high standard among college publications. The COLLEGIAN is also a charter member of the Catholic School Press Association, which last year conferred upon it "All Cath-

olic" honors. The latter rating, however is not given until some time during the summer months, and consequently cannot be published in this number.

THE NEW STAFF

WITH this final issue of the COLLEGIAN for the present school year it has been found opportune to make public the new staff for the coming year. The old staff feels that their efforts for advancing the standards of the college journal have not been in vain, yet realizing that with their departure new men, new ideas, and fresh vigor will replace them.

It is with a sense of pride and confidence that the new staff is announced: EDITOR—Alfred Horri-
gan; ASSISTANT EDITOR—William McKune; BUSINESS MANAGER—Dominic Pallone; ASSISTANT—Anthony Suelzer; ASSOCIATE EDITORS—William Conces, George Houck, Joseph Fontana; CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—Delbert Welch,

Aloysius Geimer, William Pank, John Samis, Wilmer Riechel, Edward Hes-
sion, Vincent Nels; EXCHANGES—
Chester Bowling; BOOKS—Joseph Allgeier, Edward McCarthy; ALUM-
NI—Valerian Volin, Dominic Altieri; LOCALS—Edward Fischer, Norbert Sulkowski; CLUBS—Carl Vandagriff, James Quinn; SPORTS—Charles Scheidler, Albert Ottenweller; HUMOR—Anthony Traser.

There is no doubt but that there are talent, ability and initiative in this group of men, and it is because of this knowledge that the old staff departs confidently awaiting something worthwhile from them. The advice that the graduating staff members received from their predecessors is likewise bestowed upon the new staff, "Perge ad finem."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

ON June 5 and 6, the class of '33 will gladly welcome the usual graduation exercises that occupy what is known as the Commencement Days. To make these days really memorable, the graduates fondly hope that every expectation entertained by them will be fully realized. The Most Rev. J. F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, is expected to arrive on the afternoon of June 5. His presence is always eagerly

desired by everybody at St. Joseph's and particularly so by the graduates. Unless he is present, everybody feels that Commencement at this school cannot be an enjoyable event.

A very unusual honor awaits the graduating class of '33. The baccalaureate address, namely, will be delivered in their behalf by the Most Rev. K. J. Alter, D. D., Bishop of Toledo, Ohio. The fact that His Excellency, the Bishop of Toledo,

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will speak at St. Joseph's on Commencement Day is greeted with much happy anticipation by the graduates, students, and Faculty.

At two o'clock, on the afternoon of June 5, an organ recital will be given in the college chapel under the supervision of Professor Paul C. Tonner. Following this recital the college band will render its final concert of the school year for the entertainment of all present at the Commencement exercises.

The Columbian Literary Society will enact the mystery-comedy, "In the Next Room," at eight o'clock in

the evening. Before the curtain rises, the salutatorian will officially welcome the guests in the name of the Faculty and the graduating class.

On the morning of the 6, the graduation exercises will be directed by the Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, C. PP. S., Ph. D. Following the baccalaureate address by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Bishop, K. J. Alter, diplomas and medals will be awarded by His Excellency, the Most. Rev. Bishop Noll. The valedictorian will then bid farewell in the name of the class of Thirty-Three.





Fibbles

F I B B L E S

SENIOR FIBBLES

Pause a moment reader
And ponder here with me,
While I present the president
Of the Class of Thirty-three.
You have heard many laughs
And some laughs are a bore,
But something should be done right
now
With Fullenkamp's loud roar.



If you are ever at a baseball game and hear an extra loud "Kill the Umpire," look over in the two-bit seats, and you'll see Connelly.

What would happen if Heilman had something to talk about during the basketball season other than Kokomo.

It is rumored that Zenz used to work in a marble quarry but was fired because he took too much for granite.

Little Boy (After being seated at table): "Mamma, are we going to have pie?"

Mother: "No, dear."

Little Boy: "Well, what are the spoons for?"

Someone in writing about Lenk, left out the "r" in Frat. It read thus: "Lenk is a prominent fat man."

Pallone: "Do you think that the newspaper will ever be replaced by the radio?"

Fischer: "No, never. You can't swat flies with a radio."

Hospital Manager: "For what did you operate on that fellow?"

Doctor: "\$500."

Hospital Mgr.: "I mean what did he have?"

Doctor: "\$500."

Manoski: "Do you think that my voice will ever be heard in grand opera?"

Robbins: "It might be in case of fire."



Sonny: "Pop, will I look like you when I grow up?"

Pop: "Everyone seems to think so, son."

Sonny: "But I won't grow up for a long time, will I Pop?"

Gad: "How did you find things over in India?"

Gadder: "Oh, fine and Gandhi!"

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Hubby Kangaroo: "Anabell, where is the baby?"

Wifey: "Say—someone has picked my pocket."

Ritter: "I detest people who answer questions with a question."

Frye: "Who doesn't?"

"I shouldn't have eaten this missionary,"

Said the cannibal king with a frown,
"I'm about to prove that proverb old,

'You can't keep a good man down'."

Dad: "When I was young, I thought nothing of getting up early in the morning."

Son: "I don't think much of it now."

It's not so bad to get stuck on thumb tacks, brass tacks, carpet tacks or any kind of tacks but when you get stuck on syntax, that's bad!

Zenz: "I'll bet you were mad when you found out that that cat was really a skunk."

Voors: "I'll say I was, I was highly incensed."

Whoopee! I see a brilliant sign,
It's wording stands out clear,
"'Tis just the sign of a 'wet' hotel,
For the feature word is 'beer'."

Voors thinks that bridges are put on violins to help put the music across.

H. Kenney: "My English course has made me what I am!"

Hurlow: "Why blame it on that?"

Patient: "Oh, doctor, I'm so sick—if I could only die."

Doctor: "I'll do the best I can for you."

CLASS SONGS

"So at Last It's Come to This"—Seniors.

"Just One More Chance"—Juniors.

"Let's Try Again"—Sophomores.

"What Have We Got to Lose?"—Freshmen.

1st Rooster: "What's wrong with Mrs. Leghorn?"

2nd Rooster: "Shell shocked! She sat on some eggs and ducks came out of them."

Moorman: "Where's Selhorst? I thought you were practising that duet with him?"

Koch: "He is still playing. I finished my part."

J. Heckman: "You say your uncle is just like a lamb?"

Buren: "Yes! Every time I ask him for anything, he says: 'Bah'."

Leonard: "For the last time, I ask you for that quarter."

Connelly: "Thank goodenss, that is over."

Lauber insists that the constituents of quartz are pints.

F I B B L E S

Wurm: "My uncle in Venice sent me a gondola. How am I going to play it?"

Staudt: "You don't play it, you throw it over your shoulder like a shawl."

Bean: "Say, what kind of a pudding is this?"

Horrigan: "We call it College Pudding."

Bean: "Well, I'm afraid that there is an egg in it that should have been expelled."

SI CHOLOGY SAYS:

A detour is the roughest distance between two points.

St. Joe is becoming strictly modern. Upon violation of the rules one is "automatically booked."

Possibly the reason a fat man is so good natured is because he is too fat to fight and can't run.

The dormitory prefect might effectively suggest that "as we make our beds, so shall we sleep."

By the time a fellow gets through worrying over a bald spot, he begins to worry under one.

There might be argument about which is the most important word in the English language, but as for phrases you can't beat "Enclosed, find check."

Many people could have more money than sense and still have but little money.

ODE TO AMERICA

\$3,863,650,000

By France

"What have you done St. Peter will ask,

That I should admit you here?"

"Diligently," I'll reply, "I tried to write

Humor column for the Collegian one year."

St. Peter will pityingly shake his head

And gravely touch the bell;

"Come in, my lad, and select your harp,

You've had your share of —."



Lady (first trip across): "Oh, Captain, I'm so sick I don't know what to do!"

Captain: "Be patient Lady! Be patient! You'll know eventually."

Elder: "What did your Dad say when you smashed the car?"

Henning: "Want me to leave out the curse words?"

Elder: "Yes."

Henning: "Well, he didn't say anything."

Senior Class Directory

Henry S. Balster		St. Henry, Ohio
Victor C. Boarman	R. F. D. No. 3	Philpot, Ky.
J. Richard Connelly	26 Buena Vista St.	Newark, Ohio
Thomas J. Danehy	857 North Sixth St.	Manitowoc, Wis.
Robert J. Dery	5245 Townsend Ave.	Detroit, Mich.
Leo W. Frye	519 N. Thoman St.	Crestline, Ohio
Leonard H. Fullenkamp	North Walnut St.	St. Henry, Ohio
J. Bernard Glick	312 N. Twentieth St.	Louisville, Ky.
Thomas O'C. Heilman	1117 N. Lindsay St.	Kokomo, Ind.
Henry W. Hess	R. F. D. No. 2	St. Henry, Ohio
Joseph C. Hoying	R. F. D. No. 3	Anna, Ohio
Kenneth A. Hurlow	59 Dawson Ave.	Mansfield, Ohio
Herbert P. Kenney, Jr.	R. F. D. No. 1	New Albany, Ind.
Sylvester H. Kleman	R. F. D. No. 4	Ottawa, Ohio
Frederick L. Koch	2769 Derbyshire Rd.	Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Harold W. Kuhns	606 Smith Ave. N. W.	Canton, Ohio
Leo J. Kulzer	963 Hawthorne Rd.	Greenwald, Minn.
Nicholas J. Lauber	24 Henry St.	Dayton, Ohio
Joseph A. Lenk	1149 Grant Ave.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Joseph J. Leon	731 Quaker St.	Tulsa, Okla.
Raymond E. Leonard	225 N. Ninth St.	Decatur, Ind.
Stanislaus L. Manoski	1215 Edwin St.	Huntington, Ind.
Norbert J. Missler	238 W. Second St.	Ottawa, Ohio
Edward A. Moorman		Maria Stein, Ohio
Joseph D. O'Leary	254 Knower St.	Toledo, Ohio
James G. Pike		Uniontown, Ky.
Urban A. Reichlin	331 W. Fifteenth St.	Lorain, Ohio
Virgil J. Riedlinger		Kirby, Ohio
Leon A. Ritter	708 E. Twelfth St.	Paducah, Ky.
Charles J. Robbins	R. F. D. No. 1, Box 194	Ft. Recovery, Ohio
Aloys G. Selhorst		Maria Stein, Ohio
William S. Staudt	135 Broad Ave. N. W.	Canton, Ohio
Walter F. Steiger	2909 Pennsylvania St.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Leonard J. Sudhoff	R. F. D. No. 2	Ft. Recovery, Ohio
Michael J. Vichuras	1525 McKinley St.	Gary, Ind.
William J. Voors	R. F. D. No. 9	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Urban J. Wurm	206 Western Ave.	Findlay, Ohio
Louis J. Zenz	R. F. D. No. 6, Box 2	Hartford City, Ind.
Joseph C. Zimerle	240 Main St.	Delphos, Ohio
John A. Zink	1029 Milton Ave.	Louisville, Ky.

